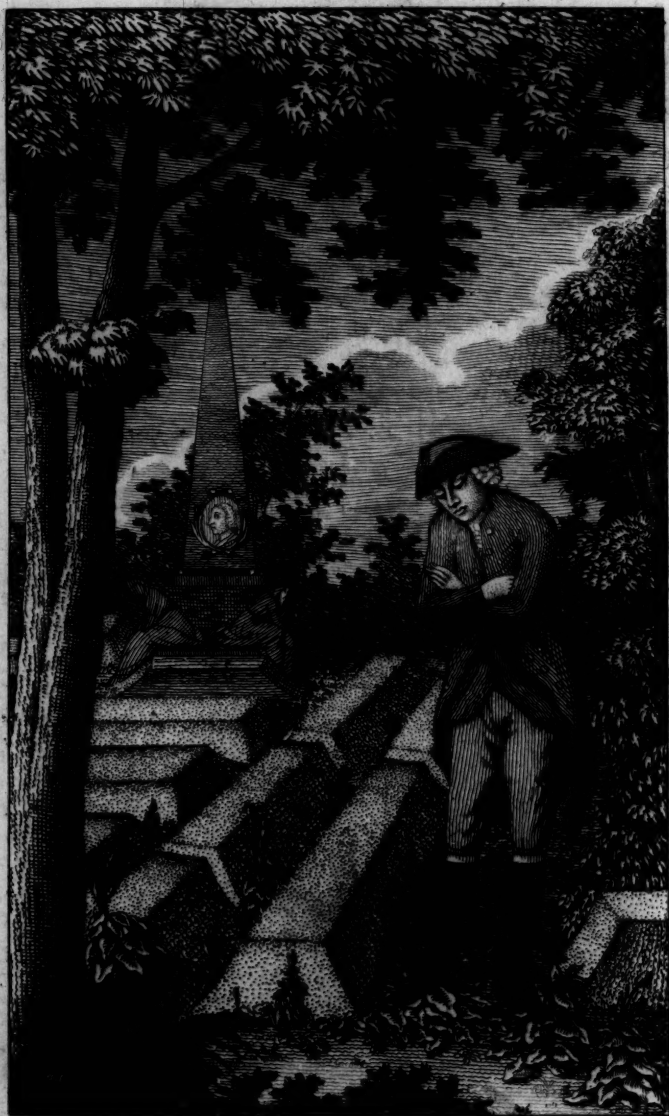


Praxner & Fienner.

MARIA.

Alas, sweet Maid, thou art gone!



Praxner & Fienner.

MARIA.

Alas, sweet Maid, thou art gone!

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY.
CONTINUED
BY
EUGENIUS.

VOLUME the THIRD and FOURTH.

The second Edition.

V I E N N A:
Printed for R. SAMMER, Bookseller.
M. DCC. XCVIII.



THE
SELECT WORKS
OF
LAURENCE STERNE
M. A.

In Nine Volumes.

VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING
YORICK'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Vol. III. IV.

VIENNA:
Printed for R. SAMMER, Bookseller.
M. DCC. XCVIII.



YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED,

BY

EUGENIUS.

VOL. III.

Vol. III.

A

YORK
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTAINED



P R E F A C E.

THE following sheets are not presented to the Public as the offspring of Mr. Sterne's pen.

The Editor has, however, compiled this Continuation of his *Sentimental Journey*, from motives, and upon such authority, as, he flatters himself, will form a sufficient apology to his readers for its publication.

The abrupt manner in which the second volume concluded, seemed forcibly to claim a sequel; and doubtless, if the author's life had been spared, the world would have received it from his own hand, as he had materials already prepared. The intimacy which subsisted be-

PREFACE.

tween Mr. Sterne and the editor, gave the latter frequent occasion of hearing him relate the most remarkable instances of the latter part of his last journey, which made such an impression on him, that he thinks he has retained them so perfectly, as to be able to commit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imitate his friend's style and manner; but how far he has been successful in this respect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work may now, however, be considered as complete; and the remaining curiosity of the readers of Yorick's Sentimental Journey, will at least be gratified with respect to facts, events and observations.

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

The CASE of DELICACY completed.

—CAUGHT hold of the *fille de chambre's*—

“What?” says the critic.

Hand.

“No, no, a plain subterfuge, Mr. Yorick,” cries the casuist.

“Yes, 'tis indeed but too plain,” says the priest.

Now, I'll venture my black filk breeches, that have never been worn but upon this occasion, against a dozen of Burgundy, such as we drank last night—for I mean to lay with the lady—that their Worships are all in the wrong.

"'Tis scarcely possible, " reply these sagacious gentlemen: "the consequence is too obvious to be mistaken."

Now I think, that if we consider the occasion — notwithstanding the *fille de chambre* was as lively a French girl as ever moved, and scarce twenty—if we consider that she would naturally have turned her front towards her mistress, by way of covering the breach occasioned by the removal of the corking-pins—it would puzzle all the geometricians that ever existed, to point out the section my arm must have formed to have caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*—

But we will allow them the *position*—Was it criminal in me? was I apprized of her being so situated? could I imagine she would come without covering? for what, alas! is a *shift only*, upon such an occasion?

Had she, indeed, been as much disposed for taciturnity, as my Parisian *fille de chambre*, whom I first met with her *Egaremens du Coeur*, all would have been well: But this loquacious *Lyonnoise* no sooner felt my hand, than she screamed

like a struck pig. Had it contained a poi-
nard, and had I been making an attempt
upon her life as well as her virtue, she
could not have been more vociferous. *Ah*
Monseigneur!—*Ah Madame!*—*Monsieur*
l'Anglois!—*il y est! il y est!*

Such repeated exclamations soon brought
together the hostess and the two voiturins;
for as they thought nothing less than blood-
shed was going on, their consciences would
not let them remain absent.—The hostess,
in a tremulous situation, was imploring
St. Ignace, whilst she crossed herself with
the greatest swiftness. The voiturins had
forgot even their breeches in the hurry,
and therefore had a less claim to decency
in appearance than myself; for I had by
this time jumped out of bed, and was
standing bolt-upright, close to the lady,
when we received this visit.

After the first testimonies of surprise had
subsided; the *fille de chambre* was ordered
to explain the cause of her outcry, and
whether any robbers had broke into the
inner room. To this she made no reply,
but had presence of mind enough to make
a precipitate retreat into the closet.

As the explanation rested upon her, and she was unwilling to make it, I should have escaped all censure of suspicion, had I not, most unfortunately, in my tossing and tumbling in bed for want of rest, worked off a very material button upon my black silk breeches; and, by some accident, the other button having slipped its hole, the stipulated article of the breeches seemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I saw the Piedmontoise lady's eye catch the object; and mine pursuing the course of her direction, I beheld what put me more to the blush, though in breeches, than the nakedness of the two voiturins, the hostess's tattered shift, or even her ladyship's dismantled charms.

I was standing, Eugenius, bolt-upright, close to her, when she made this discovery. It brought back her recollection—she jumped into bed, and covered herself over with the clothes, ordering breakfast to be got immediately.

Upon this signal our visitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE NEGOTIATION.

AS the security of the corking-pins had been ineffectual for some time, the Piedmontoise lady, like an able negotiator, armed herself at all points, before she resumed the conference. She well knew the powers of dress, as well as address;—though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetoric insurmountable. But here comes the *café au lait*, and I have scarce time to huddle on my things.

AT BREAKFAST.

Lady. I wonder not, Sir, that the misunderstandings between France and England are so frequent, when your nation are so often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

For. Bless me! Madam, recollect yourself; it was stipulated by the third article, that Monsieur might say his prayers;—and I have to this moment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your *fille de*

chambre, by her extraordinary, and as yet, unintelligible outcries, threw me into violent convulsions, and such as were very far from being of the pleasantest sort.

Lady. Pardon me, Sir, you have infringed upon every article, except the first, which was dictated by external politeness;—but even here, the barrier stipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your Ladyship will please to observe, that the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourself, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady. But then, Sir, the breeches?

Yor. There indeed, Madam, you touch me to the quick.—I acknowledge the default;—but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occasioned you to lay violent hands upon my *fille de chambre*.

Yor. Violent hands, Madam!—I touched her but with one hand; and a jury of virgins, Madam, could have brought it in nothing more than the chance-medley of sensation.

After this congress, a new treaty was

entered into, by which all possible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking-pins, naked *fille de chambre's*, unlucky breeches, buttons, *etc. etc.* *etc.* So that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the harbour of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could not have been done with more political circumspection; nor could one have thought it possible to have been evaded, either by design or accident.

A PROVISION for the POOR.

NATURE! whatever shape thou wearest, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or on the parched soil of the torrid tropics, still thou art amiable! still shalt thou guide my footsteps! With thy help, the life allotted to this weak, this tender fabric, shall be rational and just. Those gentle emotions which thou inspirest by an organized congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel;—instruct me to participate another's woes, to sympathize at distress, and find an uncommon glow of satisfaction at felicity. How then

can the temporary, transient misfortunes of an hour cloud this brow, where Serenity was wont to fix her reign?—No;—avaunt ye way-ward jaundice spleens!—seize on the hypocrite, whose heart recoils at every forged puritanic face;—assail the miser, who sighs even when he beholds his treasures, and thinks of the instability of bolts and locks.—Reflect, wretch! on the still greater instability of life itself; calculate, caitiff, the days thou hast to live—some ten years, or less;—allot the portion thou now spendest for that period, and give the rest to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reason joined, misery would be banished from the earth, and every month be a vintage for the poor!

FRIENDSHIP.

SOME over-rigid priest may perhaps imagine my prayer should have preceded breakfast and business, and that then my negotiation with the fair Piedmontoise might have been more successful.—It might so.

My life has been a tissue of incidents, interwoven by the hand of Fortune, after a whimsical but not distasteful pattern: the ground is light and cheerful, but the flowers are so variegated, that scarce any weaver of fancy will be able to imitate it.

A letter from Paris, from London, from you, Eugenius!—Oh, my friend! I'll be with thee, at the Hôtel de Saxe, ere you have tarried the double rotation of diurnal reckoning.

THE CONFLICT.

“**T**HEN I will meet thee, said I, fair
 “spirit! at Bruffels!—’Tis only returning
 “from Italy through Germany to Holland,
 “by the route of Flanders.” What a conflict between love and friendship! Ah Madame de L——! the Remise door hath ruined my peace of mind.——The monk’s horn-box recalls you every moment to my sight;—and those eyes, which view thy fair form in fancy, realize a stream that involuntarily flows!

If ever I wished for an inflexible heart, callous to anxiety, and equally insensible

to pleasure, and to pain, 'tis now : but this is blasphemy against the religion of sentiment, and I will expiate my crime. — How? I will pay that tribute which is due to friendship, though it cost my affections the toll even of life.

*The CASE of FALSE
DELICACY.*

WHEN I had embraced this resolution, I began to think what apology I could politely make to the Piedmontoise lady for my abrupt departure, and non-performance of the treaty I had entered into as far as Turin. If any part of our former connexion had the appearance of being infringed upon, the incidents and accidents which occasioned the seeming infraction, might in some measure palliate the circumstances; but here is a direct violation of our second treaty, that was so religiously ratified. How then can the potentates of the earth be considered as culpable for the renewal of a war, after a *definitive treaty of peace*, considering the

many unforeseen and unexpected events by which the temple of Janus may be thrown open!—Whilst I was in this soliloquy, she entered the room, and told me, that the voiturins were ready, and the mules harnessed.—Eugenius, if a blush be a mark of innate modesty or shame, and not of guilt, I will confess to thee, that whilst my face was crimsoned o'er with the tinge of conscious impropriety, my tongue faltered, and refused its office.—“Madam, said I, a letter”—and here I stopt. She saw my confusion, but could not account for it.

“We can stay, Sir, till you have wrote your letter.”—My confusion increased;—and it was not till after a pause of some minutes, when I summoned to my aid the powers of resolution and friendship, that I was able to tell her, “I must be the bearer of it myself.”

Didst thou ever, when in want of money, apply to a dubious friend to assist thee? What then were thy feelings, whilst thou wast viewing the agitation of his muscles, the terrour or compassion of his eye; or, sinking the tender emotions of

the heart, and turning to thee with a malicious sneer, he asked thee, — “What security?” Or, wert thou ever enamoured with an imperious haughty fair one, on whom thou hadst lavished all thy wishes, hopes and joys; when having at length marshalled thy resolution to declare thy passion, catching her eyes at the first opening of thy soul, thou sawest indignation and contempt lurking in each pupil arming for thy destruction: — then, Eugenius, figure to yourself the beauteous Piedmontoise collecting all her pride and vanity into one *focus*, with female resentment for their engineer.

C'est la politesse Angloise: mais cela ne convient pas à des honnêtes gens.

“This is English politeness; but it should not be exercised upon decent people.”

Why, in the name of fate, or chance, or fatal sway, or what you will, should the incidents of my life, the wayward shades of my canvass, draw upon a whole nation such an imputation?

’Twere injurious, fair Piedmontoise! But thou art gone, and may the cherubims of felicity attend thee!

OBSTINACY.

THIS was not the only difficulty I experienced from the alteration in my plan of operations. The voiturin, with whom I had agreed to carry me to Turin, would not wheel about to St. Michael, before he had completed his journey, as he there expected a returning traveller to defray the expense back. I in vain pleaded the advantage he would receive by so short a post, and that he would most probably find somebody there destined to Turin. No;—he was as obstinate as the mules he drove, and there seemed a congeniality of sentiment between them, which might perhaps be ascribed to their constant acquaintance and conversation. All my rhetoric, all my reasoning, made as little impression, as the excommunications and anathemas religiously and devoutly pronounced by the French clergy against the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than paying the double fare back, I at length consented; and with my usual phil-

anthropy, began to impute this thirst of gain, so universally prevalent, to some latent cause in our frame, or to some invisible particles of air which we suck in with our first breath, as soon as we are ushered into the world, with a scream of disapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.

*The CHANCE-MEDLEY of
EXISTENCE.*

“**T**HE scream of disapprobation at the “journey we are compelled to perform.”—This conceit pleased me, and I thought it both new and apposite to my present situation; so getting into the chaise, with a smile of complacency at the mules, who for once seemed to have conferred all their perverse disposition on their driver, I revolved in my mind some strange unconnected conclusions from the premises of my conceit.

If then, said I, we are forced upon this journey of life; if we are brought into it without our knowledge or consent; and if, had it not been for the fortuitous con-

course of atoms, we might have been a tobacco-pipe, or even a tobacco-stopper — a goose, or a monkey—why are we accountable for our passions, our follies, and our caprices? Were you or I, Eugenius, by some tyrant, compelled to be a courtier, ere we had learned to dance, should he punish us for the awkwardness of our bow? Or, having learned to dance, should know nothing of the etiquettes of courts; wherefore make me, against my will, a master of the ceremonies, to be impaled for my ignorance?—Heroes and emperours have been lost in nocturnal imagery, and Alexander and Caesar might have been bleached from existence.

Consider this, Eugenius, and laugh at the boasted self-importance of the greatest monarchs of the earth.

M A R I A.

UPON my arrival at Moulinaes, I inquired after this disconsolate maid, and was informed she had breathed her last, ten days after I had seen her. I informed

myself of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was,

Not a stone to tell where she lay.

However, by the freshness of the surface of the earth which had been removed, I soon traced out her grave,—where I paid the last tribute due to virtue;—nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is to be numbered with angels, whose fair representative thou wast upon earth. —Thy cup of bitterness was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.—There wilt thou find the gail of life converted into the sweets, the purest sweets of immortal felicity.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

AFTER having paid these sincere obsequies to the manes of Maria, I resumed my chaise, and fell into a train of thinking on the happiness and misery of mankind: this reverie, however, was presently interrupted by the clashing of swords in a thicket adjoining to the road. I ordered

the postillion to stop, and, getting out, repaired to the spot from whence the noise issued. It was with some difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and intricate.

The first object which presented itself to my view, was a handsome young man, who appeared to be expiring, in consequence of a wound he had just received from another not much older, who stood weeping over him, whilst he held the bloody instrument of destruction reeking in his hand.—I stood aghast for some moments, on seeing this melancholy spectacle. When I had recovered myself from the surprise into which it had thrown me, I inquired the cause of this bloody conflict; but received no other answer than a fresh stream of tears.

At length, wiping away the briny flood which watered his cheek, with a sigh he uttered, "My honour, Sir, compelled me
"to the deed; my conscience condemned
"it:—but all remonstrance was vain; and
"through the bosom of my friend I have
"pierced my own heart, whose wounds
"will never heal." Here a fresh gush of

woe issued from the source of sorrow, which seemed inexhaustible.

What is this phantom, Honour! that plunges a dagger where it should offer balsam? Traitor, perfidious traitor! thou that stalkest at large under the habit of ridiculous custom, or more ridiculous fashion, which, united by caprice, have become a law—a code of laws!—Equally unknown to our forefathers, unknown to those we style unpolished and barbarous, you are reserved for this age of luxury, learning and refinement; for the seat of the Muses, the residence of the Graces.——Ah! is it possible? Are ye not the fair representatives of Gratitude, which so often runs counter to Honour, and her fallacious blandishments?

GRATITUDE.

A FRAGMENT.

—GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than Beneficence, must necessarily, from having

so noble an origin, so divine a descent, be a perfect virtue.

I shall not, for my part, says *Multifarius Secundus*, hesitate to place it at the head of all the other virtues; especially as the Omnipotent himself requires no other at our hand;—this alone affording all the others necessary for salvation.

Even the Pagans held this virtue in such high esteem, that in honour of it, they imaged three divinities, under the name of the Graces, whom they distinguished by the names of *Thalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphrosyne*. These three goddesses presided over Gratitude, judging, that one alone was not sufficient to do honour to so rare a virtue. It is to be observed, that the poets have represented them naked, in order to point out, that, in cases of beneficence and acknowledgment, we should act with the utmost sincerity, and without the least disguise. They were depicted Vestals, and in the bloom of youth; to inculcate, that good offices should ever be remembered in their most verdant freshness; that our gratitude ought never to slacken or sink under the weight of time;

and that it behoves us to search for every possible occasion to testify our sensibility of benefits received. They were represented with a soft and smiling mien, to signify the joy we should feel, when we can express our sense of the obligations we owe; their number was fixed to three, to teach us that acknowledgments should be three-fold, in proportion to the benefit received; and they were described as holding each other by the hand, to instruct us, that obligations and gratitude should be inseparable.

Thus have we been taught by the Pagans, whom we condemn!—Christians, remember you are their superiours;——shew your superiority in virtue.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

WHILST the unfortunate stranger was lamenting the destruction of his friend, he forgot his own safety.—Perceiving some horse-men at a distance, and conjecturing, that, having gained intelligence of the intended duel, they might, perhaps, be coming in search of the combatants, I

entreated him to get into my chaise, which should carry him with all possible speed to Paris, where he could either conceal himself till the affair was settled in his favour, or escape to any part of Europe.

My remonstrances had their proper effect, and, with little farther entreaty, I prevailed on him to be my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from the fatal spot, I observed the moisture of his eyes diminished, his bosom throbbed with less energy, and his whole frame began to tranquillize. We had not yet broke silence since my resuming the chaise; when, finding his propensity to make me acquainted with the cause of his misfortune increase, I politely, though not impertinently, urged him to the task.

THE STORY.

"I AM, said he, the son of a member of the parliament of Languedoc. Having finished my studies, I went to reside for some months at Paris, where I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman somewhat

younger than myself, who was a man of rank, and the heir to a considerable fortune, and who had been sent thither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to estrange him from a young lady of inferiour rank and fortune, who seemed too much to have engrossed his attention.

"He revealed to me his passion for this young lady, who, he said, had made so great an impression on him, that it was not in the power of time or absence to obliterate her dear image from his bosom. They kept up a constant correspondence by letters: those from her seemed to breathe the purest accents of sympathetic love. He consulted me how he should act, and I advised him always to the best of my judgment. I could not pretend to dissuade him from loving the lady, whose form, he told me, was the representation of Venus: and, if it is possible to be enamoured of a portrait drawn by such a warm admirer, that, surely, had the power of exciting all the emotions of the tender passion. I therefore applauded his choice; and, as our sentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and grandeur,

when placed in competition with happiness, we considered the tyranny of parents, in compelling their children to marry against their inclinations, as the greatest of all temporal evils.

“About this time, I received a letter from my father, ordering me to return home. As there was something very positive in the command, without any reason being assigned, I was apprehensive that some of my little gallantries, which, you know, are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myself for the journey with a contrite heart, and a penitential aspect. I had indeed the more reason for this gloominess, as my last remittance, which was to have served me three months, was exhausted at the end of the first, and there was no possibility of travelling without money. But my generous friend anticipated even a hint upon the occasion; and, presenting me with a small box, which he begged I would keep for his sake, I found in it a draught upon a banker for a larger sum than I required to perform the journey.

“As he never omitted any opportunity

of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver a letter to her, as she resided in my father's neighbourhood, and also his picture, which had been executed by one of the most celebrated artists in Paris, and was richly set with brilliants, for a bracelet.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"IT was with the greatest reluctance I left Paris, and its various amusements; but they did not affect me nearly so much as the loss of my friend's company, as we had lived together upon the footing of brothers, and were, by some, called Py-lades and Orestes. On my way, every stage brought me nearer, I thought, to parental reproach for my follies and extravagance, and I prepared myself to receive the severest castigation with the humility and respect due from a son (a prodigal son) to his father.

"But what was my surprise, when, running to meet me at the gate, with joy depicted in his countenance, he exclaimed, "My son, this mark of your ready

"obedience endears you still more to me, "and renders you worthy the good fortune that awaits you." I thanked him for the kindness he expressed for me, but testified my surprise at this good fortune he talked of. "Walk in, said he, and "that mystery will be revealed." Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman and a young lady, adding, "Sir, "this is to be your wife."

"There was an honest sincerity and friendly bluntness in my father, very different from the fawning of court-sycophants, a species of beings he had ever been estranged from.

"The young lady blushed, whilst I stood motionless; my tongue was deprived of the powers of utterance, my hands forgot their office, and my legs tottered under me. Surprised at the sight of so much beauty and innocence, I had not time to reflect, but found a thousand Cupids at once seize upon my heart, and force it into inevitable captivity.

"As soon as I recovered myself from the consternation this unexpected event had thrown me into, I paid my respects

to the company in the best manner I was able, and was wished joy upon my happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really taken place. It is true, it was impossible to view so divine an object without being enamoured; or not to have judged my lot completely happy; when my father's approbation had forerun my own.

THE INTERVIEW.

"DINNER was served, when mirth and festivity reigned in every countenance, except that of my intended bride: this I ascribed to her modesty and bashfulness at my sudden arrival, and abrupt introduction. I took the earliest opportunity of being alone with her, to unfold my sentiments, and acquaint her with the deep impression she had made upon my heart.

"Soon after dinner this opportunity occurred. Walking in the garden, we found ourselves sequestered from the rest of the company, in a little grove, which Nature, in her kindest hours, seemed to have destined for the retreat of lovers. "Madam," said I, after the declaration which has

"been made, and our happy introduction,
 "with the consent of both our fathers, I
 "flatter myself I shall not offend you,
 "when I tell you, that there is nothing
 "wanting to complete my felicity, and
 "make me the happiest of beings, but
 "your telling me that the alliance which
 "is going to take place, is as agreeable
 "to you as it seems to every one else.
 "Oh! tell me, my angel, that I am not
 "forced upon you:—say, at least, I may
 "hope to enjoy some small share in your
 "affections;—for the most earnest assidui-
 "ty, and the most constant desire of pleas-
 "ing you, shall be the task of my whole
 "life."

"Sir, replied she, there is a noble can-
 "dour in your countenance, which must
 "abhor deception. Were I to tell you I
 "could ever love you, I should be guilt-
 "ty of the greatest deception. It is impos-
 "sible."

"Heaven! what do I hear?— —Impos-
 "sible to love me!—Am I then of so hi-
 "deous, so monstrous a form?— —Hath
 "Nature cast me in so barbarous a mould,
 "that I am repugnant to the sight, and

"detestable to the fairest and most amiable of the creation?—If so"—

"No, Sir, you wrong Nature, and injure yourself—Your mien is graceful, your person elegant, your countenance pleasing, and every embellishment of art seems exhausted upon you,——but "it is my cruel lot."——Here a stream of tears stopt her farther utterance.——

"Oh! Madam, said I, kneeling, I beseech you to hear the prayer of the most earnest of your suppliants.——It is not because the mandates of a parent may seem to entitle me to your hand;—I scorn to force it, or have it without your heart:—but I beseech you to endeavour to let me merit you, and convince you of the reality of my passion, which is as ardent as it is insurmountable."—

"Heaven! what was my surprise, when, uttering these last words, I perceived my friend, my honoured friend, rushing from behind the thicket, and drawing his sword—

——"Villain! exclaimed he, thou shalt pay for thy treachery."

"The lady fainting, he sheathed his sword to assist her. When she was carried into the house, he bid me follow him. Unknowing how I had offended, or by what magic he could be at my father's house, when I thought him in Paris, I accompanied him. As we walked on towards the forest, he thus explained himself:

"Sir, your treachery to me I was acquainted with a few hours after your departure from Paris; and though you thought proper to conceal the subject of your journey from me, the whole city echoed with your nuptials before night. I accordingly set out post directly, and, as you find, have come in time to prevent your union with Angelica."

"Angelica! said I——Heaven knows how unjustly you accuse me;——I was ignorant that this was Angelica."

"Childish evasion! said he; this may impose on fools and drivellers;——but I must have other satisfaction.——Have you delivered my letter and picture?"

"No;—it was impossible."

"Villain, villain! —— No, —— you

"thought it more prudent to recommend
"your own suit—I heard every word
"that passed, and therefore it is needless
"to add to your guilt, by the violation
"of truth."

"In vain did I expostulate with him,
to prove my innocence;—In vain did I
promise to give up all my pretensions to
Angelica, and travel to the most distant
parts of the world to forget her;—he was
inexorable. — — It was impossible for
me to convince him that I had not deceived
him at Paris, or that I had not known
it was Angelica to whom I proposed paying
my addresses. In a word, we reached the
spot where you found us, when, with
the greatest reluctance, I drew to defend
myself, after being branded with the re-
peated epithets of *daftardly coward*, and
infamous poltroon. — — You know the
rest."

Here a flood of tears concluded my fel-
low-traveller's narration, and seemed a
very pertinent epilogue.

THE INN.

THIS affecting story had preyed so much upon my spirits, and I had entered so deep into the circumstances, that I was very glad to see a little inn on the side of the road, as I stood in great need of some refreshment.

The hostess, who welcomed us soon after we entered, was a comely well-looking woman, *embonpoint*, neither old nor young; or as the French express it, *d'un certain âge*;—which, by the way, is a very uncertain method of determining it: I shall therefore class her about thirty-eight. A Cordelier was taking his leave of her; and there was reason to judge, from the sanctity with which she eyed him, she had been at confession. Her handkerchief was somewhat rumpled, and deficient in a few pins; the centre of her cap was also not directly upon the centre of her head; but this may be attributed to the fervour of her devotion, and the hurry in which she was called to salute her new guests.

We called for a bottle of Champaign, when she told me, "She had some of the best in all France: That she perceived "I was an Englishman; and though the "two nations were at war, she would "always do justice to individuals, and "must own, that *My Lords Anglois* were "the most generous *Seigneurs* in Europe; "that she should therefore think herself "guilty of much injustice, if she were to "offer an Englishman a glass of wine "which was not fit for the *Grand Mo- "narque*."

There was no disputing with a female upon so delicate a subject; and therefore, though my companion, with myself, judged it the worst bottle of Champaign we had ever tasted, I highly applauded it, as highly paid for it, and as highly complimented my landlady for her *politesse*.

On our arrival at Paris, I set down my fellow-traveller at his old lodgings in *La Rue Guenigaud*, where he proposed disguising himself in the habit of an Abbé, a character the least taken notice of in that city, except they are professed wits, or determined critics. He promised to meet

me at the *Caffé Anglois*, over-against the *Pont Neuf*, at nine, that we might sup together, and deliberate on the steps necessary to be taken for his security. It was now five, so that I had four hours of lounging and lodging-hunting;—how then could I better employ my time, than in a short (perhaps a long) conference with the agreeable *Marchande de Gands*?

In the first place, no woman in the whole city was better informed where lodgings were to be let; her shop was a kind of *bureau d'adresse* for empty hotels. This, indeed, I did not know, when I entered her shop:—but why should the circumstance be less in my favour, because I was not pre-acquainted with it? In the second place, no female had more early intelligence with respect to the news of the day; and it was necessary I should know if my friend's affair had yet reached the capital: but this I was to learn with caution and address; it was, therefore, necessary we should retire into the back-shop.

THE TILT OF ARMS.

PARIS AND LONDON.

PARIS—thy emblem is a ship;— — yet thy Seine is not navigable.— Take London's cross—(you may drop the bloody dagger in the straits of Dover and Calais, to cleanse its sanguinary blade) and with it emblazon *Notre Dame*; whilst thy ship sails with the tide up the Thames, and casts anchor in the port of commerce.

In which of the nine hundred freets— I mean lanes— — of this capital of the world—(for who can dispute a Parisian's word, who never has excursed beyond the gates?)—I say, in which shall I take up my lodging? But softly:—There lives my beautiful *Marchande de Gands*— — Those silken eye-lashes! there she is at the door— — the nets of love fabled by poets are surely realized by them.— — “*Madame, la fortune m'a jetté encore une fois dans votre quartier sans y penser. — Comment se porte Madame?*” — — “*A merveille, Monsieur, — charmée de vous voir.*”

What urbanity in a stranger!— —what a polite language!— —and how happily expressed by a glover's wife!

THE BACK-SHOP.

WE had not made this retreat many minutes, before my beautiful *Marchande* had run over all the news of the day. I was presently informed of every fresh connexion between the opera-dancers, *les filles d'honneur, et les filles de joye, avec my Lords Anglois, les Barons Allémands, et les Marquis Italiens*. The rapidity with which she dispatched these connexions, could be compared to nothing but the torrent of the Rhone, or the fall of Niagara. I had sucked in more scandal in the space of ten minutes, than would have furnished a modern Atalantis writer with memoirs for a couple of volumes. "But, said she, *à propos*:—have "you seen any of our new manufacture "of gloves?" — — "What are they?" I asked — Upon which she took down a band-box, and produced a very curious collection. "These, said she, are *les gands*

"*d'amour*: they were invented *par Mr.*
"*le Duc de*—The cause was singular,
"and worth mentioning. *Madame la Du-*
"*chesse* had for her *cicisbeo* a Scotch offi-
"cer, who had some eruptions of a par-
"ticular kind.—You know, Sir, that that
"nation has a disorder peculiar to them-
"selves, as well as we;—all countries
"have their misfortunes. *Madame's valet*
"*de chambre* told his master in confidence,
"that he was afraid *Mr. le Capitaine* had
"communicated something to her Lady-
"ship that he did not dare mention.—
"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?* What is it? said the
"Duke.—*Ce n'est pas la gale?* It is not
"the itch? The valet shrugged up his
"shoulders, and the Dutchess entered. *La*
"*politesse* would not allow the Duke to
"proceed upon an *eclaircissement* with his
"lady; he therefore set about divining a
"means to avoid the infection. He had
"heard of an English Colonel who had
"hit upon a lucky expedient, in a case
"not unfamiliar; but his name, which the
"manufacture bore, was so barbarous,
"that it could never be pronounced with
"decency; he therefore called his device

“*les gands d’amour*, and now they are
 “in great esteem throughout Paris. But I
 “should have informed you, the Dutchess
 “was never inoculated, and that she died
 “of the small-pox a few months after.
 “Her physicians, it is said, mistook her
 “disorder; and having never been in your
 “country, and forgot that *lagale*, or any
 “other disorder, whether cutaneous or
 “not, might be transplanted hither, I
 “hope,” continued she, casting a most
 amorous leer through those beautiful eye-
 lashes, which penetrated farther than I
 thought it possible for a single look to
 perforate, “that you’ll be a customer.
 “— — You’ll certainly wear them when
 “they are so universally the fashion.”

Saying this, she produced some of vari-
 ous sizes and patterns; but I objected to
 most of them, as being too large for my
 hand. At length she produced a pair which
 I thought were near the mark: “I’ll try
 “them on, Sir;—but your hand must be
 “very small to fit these.” “It is rather
 “warm now, Madame; so that I believe
 “you may try a size larger.” She placed
 herself on my side; and with both her

hands had almost effected the design, when her husband passed through the parlour;—who nodding his head as he passed, said, “*Faites—Faites—ne bougez pas.*”

THE EFFECT.

I KNOW not how to account for it; but I always found something of a tremour come over me, when I was detected by a lady's husband in private conversation with her, though in the most innocent attitude.— — — That ours was the most innocent in the world at this time, cannot possibly be controverted: — — besides, it was a matter of business. Who could blame a female-vender of gloves for trying them on in the back-shop?

But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bon homme* had almost rendered the gloves useless. — — My hand shook so (by what kind of sympathy I know not) that it was unable to do its office — — it slipped through the glove, and fell from the fair one's hand. “*Mon Dieu!*” said she, *qu'est-ce que vous avez?*” To which I replied with much propriety, — —

“*Ma foi, Madame, je n’ai rien.*” “You are ill, Sir— —take a drop of *liqueur* ;” which she immediately produced from an adjoining closet. The cordial was of some efficacy ; but not sufficient to remove the perturbation of my spirits, occasioned solely by the entrance of the husband ; so that I had not resolution sufficient to undergo a second trial of the gloves from her fair hand ; but I desired her to put up a couple of pair of the smaller size. She asked me what colour.—I replied, black.—“*Comment, said she, avec des rubans noirs, sans être en deuil ?*”—But I cleared up this, by telling her, a clergyman, though not in mourning, could not in decency wear any gloves (even *gants d’amour*) of a gay colour.

The subject of my first entrance into this lady’s shop, may be thought to have evaporated in the trying on the gloves, and the fright from the host.—But the truth is, I had taken my measures in the fore-shop before our retreat. I mean, I had secured a lodging ; and as to the intelligence concerning my unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not come within the

compass of her knowledge. This much I thought due to myself, and to my new acquaintance.

SLANDER.

I DOUBT not, from the good-nature and candour of my former critics, that the last chapter will be subpoena'd against me, in the monthly Trials of Authors *without jury*; and that I shall be pronounced by that bench of Judges, such as they are, guilty of high treason against the kingdom of decency, for penning the same, though there is not therein a dash, far, or after-risk, which, in my work, have constantly alarmed their virtue. But as I shall be among my Peers, I enter the following protest:

"I DO not agree to the said resolution, because I am thoroughly convinced they do not understand the said chapter; and because, without they enter into a complete explanation thereof, I must be of opinion, that it is above their comprehension."

"YORICK."

THE OPERA GIRL.

IT hath ever been a rule with me, to think the pleasures of this world of no benefit, unless enjoyed. I had two pair of *gands d'amour* in my pocket scarcely tried on—I went to the opera, finding, my dear Eugenius, that you were not arrived, and saw Mademoiselle *De La Cour* dance *à merveille*.—I beheld the finest limbs from the parterre that could possibly have been chiseled by a Protogenes or Praxiteles. I conversed with the Abbé de M—upon the subject.—He said he would introduce me to her. I waited upon her to her coach, and had the honour of handing her into it. She gave my hand such a squeeze, upon being informed that I was an Englishman, that I felt an emotion immediately at my heart, communicated from the extremity of my fingers, which may be better imagined than described.

She gave us an elegant *petit souper*, and the Abbé hastily retired after drinking a single glass. The conversation had

already taken a turn towards the tender passion; I was expatiating upon sentimental felicity, and setting forth all the blandishments of Platonic love, when she burst into a loud laugh—saying, she frankly owned she was not a professed disciple to my system, and thought it would go down much better with a sprinkling of the practical.

At any other time I should have been disgusted with the grossness of the thought in a female; but at present I was disposed for a frolic; and gave her a bumper to *Vive la bagatelle*. I shewed her my new purchase, and asked her whether I should be in the fashion. She said they were of a scanty pattern, though *à la grec*; but recommended me for the future always to have my gloves *à la mousquetaire*.

Just as we had come to a final resolution upon this interesting subject, Sir Thomas G———was announced. The servant attempted to open the door; but finding it made some resistance, at it was by accident bolted on the inside, his confusion was greater than ours.—He imagining the knight at his heels, did not dare

turn to inform him of the impediment, but whispered through the key-hole, "*Madame, le chevalier s'y trouve:*" the *gands d'amour*, however, were come in to play, and she was pulling one on *plus bādinant* than even the *Marchande* herself. It was when she had brought herself to approve of the fitting——that this fatal whisper once more disconcerted the trial of the duke's noble invention. "*Chez-vous sous le lit,*" said Mademoiselle *La Cour*.

Was ever ecclesiastic in such a piteous predicament? Sir Thomas G—— would have been very glad to have seen Yorick in any other situation; but Mademoiselle *La Cour* had persuaded him she never had any male visitors except himself: and to prove he believed her, he flung a hundred louis d'ors into her lap every Sunday morning.

My mortification would not have been so very great, if an early retreat into the bed-chamber had not rendered my situation almost intolerable. My rival triumphed over me, without knowing it; and I was compelled to perform the character

of Mercury, under all these disadvantages, in spite of my teeth.

THE RETREAT.

IT was finely said of the Duke of Marlborough, that the only part of generalship he was unacquainted with, was retreating. Love has often been compared to war, and with much propriety. When I thought to have carried La Cour by a *coup-de-main*, armed with *les gands d'amour*, the commander in chief made a fally, and compelled me to a most disgraceful capitulation. "How dissimilar to the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough!" said I— "Can this ever be told in my Sentimental Journey?— But I've not abandoned the place." — Just as I had made these reflections, La Cour put her hand down to the side of the bed, and I had an opportunity of kissing it without being perceived.

Sir Thomas having, as he thought, secured the garrison, retired from his post. — To quit the metaphor, — I had an opportunity of making a decent retreat, without danger, about four in the morning.

of life is guilten, guilten is said, and
 "nothing" **NOTHING.**

"*ABOUT* four in the morning!" says the ill-natured reader. — "What then
 "were you doing till that hour — —
 "with an opera-dancer, a *fille de joie*?"
 To which I answer literally, "*Nothing.*"
 "No! — Mr. Yorick, this imposition is too
 "gross to pass upon us even from the pul-
 "pit. What did you do with the *gands*
 "*d'amour* — — invented to avoid infec-
 "tion? Did not Mademoiselle La Cour
 "resume her application to try them on,
 "and make them sit close? — If so,
 "what was the event?" — Once more
 I reply — "*Nothing.*"

How hard it is, my dear Eugenius, to
 be pressed to divulge an imaginary truth,
 or rather a falsity? If I were to be inter-
 rogated these ten years — I could add
 nothing to the reply — but *nothing! no-*
thing! — nothing!

"Poor Mademoiselle La Cour!" says
 the satirist, — — "you had reason then
 "to wish Monsieur Yorick had been *re-*
troussé à la mousquetaire." But, Mr.

Critic, this is *nothing*, *nothing* at all to the purpose.—“No more is this chapter,” says the *Snarler*.

Why then, here is an end of it.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

TURNING the corner of the *Rue de la Harpe* upon my retreat from Madame La Cour, the morning beginning to dawn, I heard a voice from a *fiacre*, crying, *hif, hif, hif*. This, to a theatric performer, or a dramatic writer, would, perhaps, have been a very grating sound; indeed, were he inclined to superstition, he might have considered it as a foreboder of future d—na—n; but as I never exhibited upon the stage, or ever wrote a comedy, tragedy, or farce, the sounds were not so very dissonant to my ears as they otherwise might have been.

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbé popping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and beckoning to me. “Heaven! said I, what can this mean? — He is taken up by the *Maréchauf-sée*, or the *Chasseurs*, and is conducting

"to the *Châtelet* or *Bicêtre*."—Not so: his honest landlord having given him intelligence that these gentry were in search of him, and advised him to make a retreat, early in the morning, to avoid the consequences, he was setting out for Flanders, to get beyond the jurisdiction of their power.

I was both happy and miserable on the occasion.—I was wretched, to think this unfortunate young man was thus harassed, for an event which he would have used his utmost endeavours to have prevented: —but I was also pleased, to think he would, in some hours, be beyond the frontiers of France, and out of the reach of her miscalled justice.

In taking my leave of him, after a very tender scene, I could not help hinting to him, that so precipitate a departure and so long a journey, might exhaust his finances sooner than he expected; and that, as money was the sinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purse, I would call upon him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimbursement.

Had I gone through Flanders, the cupid-ity of a recovery of this kind would the least have engaged my attention.

He replied, he had a sufficient sum to carry him to Nieuport, - and from thence he would write to his friends.

Oh! Eugenius, thou knowest my feelings upon this occasion. I did not dare press him, for fear of offending a delicacy I myself was too susceptible of.—I retired with a flood of tears, as involuntary as they were sincere.

THE CONSUMMATION.

MY ideas were too scattered and eccentric, to be composed in sleep.—I took a *fiacre*, and drove round all Paris. It is strange that passions, which are the gales of life, and, under a certain subordination, the only incentives to action, should at the same time create all our misery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

Why charge mankind on Heav'n their own
 offence,
 And call their woes, the crimes of Pro-
 vidence?

Blind, who themselves their miseries create,
 And perish by their folly, not their fate.

Just as I had uttered these lines, (which
 by-the-by would have been more sonorous,
 and of course more affecting, in their
 original Greek, and in the words of my
 old friend Homer), I perceived an inscription
 over a door, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

Whilst I was gazing at this uncommon
 information, my ears were regaled with
 some very pleasing music, which was
 playing to a set of convivial friends at a
 dance. I ordered the *fiacre* to stop, and in-
 quired whether I might not *faire nœces ici*.

I cannot help remarking in this place,
 that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked
 upon in Paris to be so equally inanimate,
 that it is the same expense to draw

upon and run through the one, as the other: and also, that the performance of the *nuptial rites*, though much boasted of by every married and unmarried man in Paris, prevails more upon the outside of the walls, than within of the houses.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

"*J'en suis bien aise*, said I; it suits the gloomy habit of my soul, and love alone can remove it."

When the *Cooker* had brought the master of the house to the door, and informed him that an English gentleman proposed to *faire nocés*, — the question he put was, how many *soupes*, how many *tourtes*, how many *fricassées*, and how much *music*?

To which I replied, None.

Monsieur l'Hôte shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "*Pauvre Monsieur Anglois, il est gris.*"

THE TRAITEUR.

ALTHOUGH the price of running through a *cocher* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate) is stipulated to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traiteur* is a very serious affair, and might be attended with very serious consequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* of killing a man in France, form a science of themselves, and are as useful a kind of knowledge as quadrille or picquet. Having made some short study of these matters, I judged it prudent only to *diable*, *peste*, and *f—s* a little, and bid the coachman drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOIE.

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St. Jacques*, before I perceived a party of the *Guët* hurrying a young woman into a coach, whilst she was weeping with great bitterness, and imploring their mercy.—Mercy! thou divine attribute, estranged from the brutal breast of such violators of humanity!

As my coach passed, she gave a look towards me, that pierced me to the heart. — I ordered my coachman to turn and follow the vehicle in which was the fair prisoner.

It being now near seven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commissaire*. When they stopped, my heart panted with secret joy, on finding the house belonged to Monsieur de L —, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, whilst I was ushered into the closet of the *Commissaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon flood of tears, she wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I presently discovered the features (though much bloated with crying) of my pretty little *fille de chambre* whom I first met with her *Egaremens du coeur*. “Heaven! said I, is this possible! Do not my eyes deceive me? No — it is she — My sympathetic heart involuntarily led me to her assistance; and if Mr. De L — — has the least susceptibility of sentiment

"in his, this unfortunate young woman
 "shall not fall a sacrifice to—"

Just as I had come to this resolution,
 the *Commissaire* entered; and after many
 compliments and some professions of friend-
 ship, I seized upon the opportunity of
 telling him, he had it now in his power
 to convince me of the sincerity of his as-
 sertions. He required an explanation, and
 I gave him one.

To this, he replied, "It would be im-
 possible to afford the young woman any
 relief till he had heard the allegations
 against her; but that if there was a pos-
 sibility of mitigating her punishment,
 without losing sight of justice, he would
 certainly do it to oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could
 perceive she gathered some confidence from
 my presence, there was so much inno-
 cence and unaffected simplicity in her
 countenance, that methought the *Com-
 missaire* seemed somewhat prepossessed in
 her favour.

The *Guët* alledged against her, that
 there had been a riot at her lodgings,
 and that the neighbourhood had been dis-

turbed. She acknowledged there had been some disturbance, but said it was owing to her not admitting some troublesome visitors, who had come to pay their compliments to a lady, who had before her those lodgings. The air of truth with which she delivered this, made the *Commissaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guët*, "he was liable to be punished, for forcing the lady out of her apartments upon such a pretence: that the most virtuous women in Paris were liable to the same inconvenience from troublesome visitors; and that if they could not prove her to be a woman of disorderly conduct in any other respect, they might think the lady very merciful if she forgave them, upon their asking her pardon." This they readily consented to, and they retired, leaving the *Commissaire*, their late prisoner, and myself.

When they were gone, the *Commissaire* told me, that, "notwithstanding the step he had taken in her favour, he was very sensible she was a *filles de joie*, her name being down upon his list; but

“that, as she was a young practitioner,
 “and the *Guet* were as yet ignorant of
 “her profession, at the entreaty of Mr.
 “Yorick, he had released her; but strong-
 “ly recommended her to avoid coming
 “before him, upon that or any other oc-
 “casion.”

I was greatly surprised to find she was actually upon the *Commiffaire's* list, and my curiosity was much excited to know her story. We retired after paying Mr. De L — all the compliments to which he was so justly entitled for his polite behaviour, and I accompanied her back to her lodgings.

THE STORY.

AFTER she had returned me repeated thanks for my kind intercession, I entreated her to inform me by what accident she had come into that situation of life, in which, according to the *Commiffaire*, she now unfortunately acted. A flood of tears prevented her immediate reply; but when she had recovered herself, she gave me the following account:

"The day after the visit I paid you at your Hotel, I was sent by Madam R — —, my mistress, to present her compliments to you, and desire to know when you proposed waiting on her with the letter you were intrusted with for her from Amiens, being surpris'd you had not yet transmitted it to her; when I was inform'd you had set out for the South of France, and it was uncertain when you would return. Having carried back this information to my mistress, she flew into a violent passion for having omitted bringing it with me the day before, when I was purposefully sent for it, but then, by some unaccountable accident, we both forgot it. She hinted, that she imagined something had passed between us of a very singular nature; and went so far as to say, it was no wonder we had not thought of her or the letter, when we were so differently engaged. Such an accusation, *innocent as I was*, greatly nettled me; and I believe I made her some answer, which so much disgusted her, as to order me immediately to quit her service. This sudden discharge greatly confus'd me; and as I had

no relations in Paris, I applied to a milliner who used to serve Madame R——, to recommend me to a lodging till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety, and told me to make myself quite easy, as she at that time wanted a workwoman, and we should not disagree about terms. Accordingly I carried my clothes to her house, and from this instant was considered as one of the family.

“My province was, in the forenoon, to carry home the goods. As she worked chiefly for gentlemen, and particularly foreigners, she always cautioned me to dress myself to the best advantage upon these occasions, as she said the men always paid the most generously, when they met with a *tidy* milliner. She also recommended me to be very complaisant, and never to contradict them: “And, continued she, I do not know a more comely *fille* in all the *Rue St. Honoré*, or any that is more likely to make her fortune, if she minds her hits. For, added she, there are but three female professions in Paris, which promise promotion: These are, opera dancers,

"pretty bar-keepers *aux Caffés*, and mil-
 "liners; but we have the advantage, being
 "considered as the most modest, and the
 "least exposed in public."

"Though I was not possessed of any
 great portion of vanity, I could not help
 being pleased to find my mistress thought
 I had some claim to make my fortune;
 and as I had been a *fille de chambre* near
 four years without one tolerable offer being
 made me, except it was from a *maître per-
 rurier*, in *Rue Guenigaud*, I began
 to think, that the loss of Madame R—'s
 place might turn out a benefit to me."

I could not help interrupting her in this
 place, to inquire whether the *maître per-
 rurier* had proposed honourable terms;
 and if so, whether it was pride, or per-
 sonal distaste to him, which had made
 her refuse his offer.

To this she very ingeniously replied,
 "That the terms he offered were nothing
 "less than marriage; that he was confi-
 "dered as a man of opulence, and she
 "thought him a very good match; that
 "as to his person, he was remarkably
 "handsome, having been *valet de cham-*

“*bre to la Duchesse de L—*—, and obliged to quit that lady’s service, on account of a discovery made by *Monfieur le Duc*, who had been for some time before jealous of him; but that, upon his difmission, his good lady, as an acknowledgment of past services, had given him a sum of money to set him up as a master *perruquier*.”

When she had got thus far in her narration, she was interrupted by an accident, equally awful, alarming, and tremendous.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

OF all the temporary misfortunes, calamities, and accidents of civil life, the greatest is that of sudden fire.—Its effects are so rapid and astonishing, that they not only frequently deprive an alarmed neighbourhood of all their property, and reduce them to a state of beggary, but often dispossess them of their reason, at least for the time, and render them incapable of affording themselves that assistance which they might otherwise have obtained.

At this instant all these horrors presented themselves to our view;—the whole range of houses opposite to us seemed entirely surrounded by flames. Outcries, shrieks, confusion and tumult, at once assailed our ears.

Oh! Eugenius, what would have been the emotions of your sympathetic heart upon this occasion!— Might I judge by those of mine, they would have been too pungent for reason and philosophy to temper with prudence. I rushed into the midst of the populace, and was giving all the assistance that my feeble frame could permit— exerted far beyond its natural strength—when perceiving at a two-pair-of-stairs a female almost naked, just risen from bed, rending her hair, tearing her beautiful tresses, and imploring the clemency of Heaven, — I flew to her assistance, and, though the floor on which she lodged had already taken fire, brought her off without hurt. I conveyed her to the apartment from whence I issued, and there procured not only warm wine, and other restoratives, but also clothes to cover her; for at the time I conducted her thither,

bonissimo

she had no other apparel than her shift. Her distresses had, however, made so strong an impression on her, that shame, which, at another time, under such circumstances, would have overwhelmed her with blushes, crimsoned not her cheek, but left the lily to prevail with the utmost force of its pallid hue:—Alas! too powerfully;—Nature sunk beneath the oppression of calamity. — I ran for some drops, and, by a speedy application, restored her to life, and to herself.

“Were am I?—Surely in another
 “world—All things round me are strange.
 “—Are you inhabitants of the earth—or
 “spirits of departed souls?—or has it
 “all been a dream, and am I still in a
 “*reverie*?—No—this surely is a room—
 “that is a bed—this is a chair—and
 “that a table: these too are clothes,—
 “very different from any I ever wore. All
 “around seem in equal consternation.—
 “Tell me, I beseech you, Sir, as you
 “appear in a human form, who are you,
 “what are you, and where am I?”

Having said this, she fell again into a swoon; and this relapse seemed more dangerous than her first attack. I could have gazed for ever upon her angelic countenance, which indeed resembled the picture of a heavenly resident, and seemed then with a most benignant smile to be taking a flight to the mansions of her celestial abode. But this was no time for such divine meditations; her earthly part still required our assistance.

After having again somewhat recovered her, I thought it adviseable to have her put to bed, and recommended to my female friend to take the greatest care of her. This she promised, and, I found afterwards, most religiously fulfilled; having taken my leave for the present, to endeavour at giving some farther assistance to the unhappy sufferers in the conflagration.

THE CASKET.

FROM an upper-window I was called to, and desired to hold my hat, in which I presently found a small casket; when I retired, in order to return it to

the proprietor, after the confusion occasioned by the present calamity was over. I carefully conveyed it to my apartment; and on opening it, found it to contain some very valuable jewels, with a picture that made a deep impression on my heart.—It was the miniature of that divine creature whom I had met with at Calais, and whom I had proposed meeting at Brussels.—“Heavens! said I, by what accident came this picture here? Surely that charming woman is not now perishing in the flames! Forbid it, Justice! Forbid it, Love!”

I had resolved upon retiring to rest after so many fatigues,—and had already thrown off my coat, and put on my night-cap, before I had made this discovery: but I instantly quitted my apartment to fly to the spot where I had received the casket, in order to obtain some intelligence of the proprietor, and if possible, by what uncommon chance the portrait of this lady was in it.

The fire was by this time completely extinguished; but the agitations of my mind were still as great as ever.—If the

original has perished—Perish that thought!
 — — — Diffraction! Oh! Eugenius, I flew,
 I ran, I knew not whither.

RUE TIREBOUDIN.

MISTAKING my way, in my great confusion, instead of finding myself in the *Rue St Jacques*, I found myself in the *Rue Tireboudin*.—"What a name!" said I.—"It had a much worse, Sir," said my informer, "before a great lady, riding through in her coach, and asking the name of it, was told; which so shocked her delicacy, that from that period, it has borne this comparatively decent one."—"Draw your pudding, might, in England, savour of a proper attention to baking and a Sunday's desert—Oh the roast beef of Old England!—but in a country where no puddings are either made, baked, or eaten, it seems absurd."—"Yes, Sir, but *Tire V—t* was a great deal more shocking: and that was its primitive name."

The UNSUCCESSFUL INQUIRY.

AT length I reached the spot where the calamity had happened. Amidst the general confusion that still prevailed, I inquired if any lodger had lost a casket of jewels;—adding, that, upon giving a proper description of them, they should be restored. But no person would claim them. I then inquired, if a lady resembling the picture I had in my hand, was any where to be found; but this research was as ineffectual as the former. No such lady was known in the neighbourhood. I could not point out the house from the window of which they were thrown; for the walls were all levelled, and it was impossible to discriminate one house from another.

In this perplexity, I went to my acquaintance Mademoiselle Laborde (for that was the name of my female-acquaintance whom I have hitherto distinguished only by being *fille de chambre* to Madam R—). I acquainted her with the accident, and my distress at not being able to discover

the proprietor of the casket, and the situation of the dear original of the miniature.

But, how great was my astonishment, on being informed that the lady whom I had conveyed to Mademoiselle Laborde's lodging, had, as soon as she recovered from her terrour and astonishment, expressed the greatest concern at the loss of a similar casket.

THE DEFINITION.

I WAS ruminating upon the absurdity of the name of that street which formerly bore a still more absurd appellation, whilst I unfolded half a dozen pair of silk stockings, which I had just purchased, and which were wrapt up in an old manuscript that seemed of a very ancient date. It was written in old French, and upon a piece of paper that required some reparations to make it legible. I had at first conceived the thought of transcribing it; but recollecting it would cost me little more trouble to translate it, I set about it, and produced the following English translation.

TRANSLATION of a
FRAGMENT.

"JEAN François de Vancourt, of Fran-
 "che-Comté, by his marriage-articles with
 "Marie Louise Anne de Rochecoton, of
 "Champagne, doth agree, that, consider-
 "ing the disparity of their years, he be-
 "ing now in his eighty-third, and she in
 "her sixteenth, and also the warmth of
 "her constitution, and the amorousness of
 "her complexion, to allow unto the Vi-
 "car of the said parish all the rights of
 "*cuiſſage* and *jambage*, in their full ex-
 "tent, agreeable to the just claims of the
 "holy church; and moreover, doth per-
 "mit him to continue the same, in his
 "absence, during the natural life of him,
 "the said Jean François de Vancourt. Pro-
 "vided, nevertheless, that the said Vicar,
 "upon the return of the said Jean Fran-
 "çois, should, after the said Jean Fran-
 "çois had pronounced, in an audible
 "voice, at the door of the bed-chamber,
 "*Tire V—t*, three times, withdraw him-
 "self therefrom, and leave the said Jean

“François in the full possession of Marie
 “Louise Anne, his said wife; any thing
 “notwithstanding to the contrary that may
 “herein be contained.”

“—Provided always, on the *part* of
 “the said Marie Louise Anne, that she
 “hath a negative voice in favour of the
 “Curate, when the said Vicar shall be
 “above the age of thirty-five, or other-
 “wise, in her opinion, disqualified for the
 “rites of *cuiſſage* and *jambage*, in their
 “full extent; he the said Curate, in case
 “of such election on her part, submitting
 “to the same proviso, in favour of the
 “said Jean François, upon his pronounc-
 “ing in an audible voice, at the said
 “chamber door, *Tire V—t* three times.

Having translated thus much of this
 Fragment, I shall leave the reader to
 make his own sentimental reflections, af-
 ter observing, that the good queen who
 ordered the name to be changed, seemed
 to display more knowledge than delicacy;
 —but it must be observed in her favour,
 that, according to the Salique law, a
 queen of France never wields the sceptre
 in her widowhood, and is therefore glad

of every opportunity of displaying her authority during the life of her husband.

If this be not a sufficient apology for the queen, let any lady of any quality or fashion, from a dutchess down to a milk-maid, take both names (without the *Tire*) and make the most of them.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Mr. G— made his first trip to Paris, he had not studied so much of the rudiments of the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders: he would confound them together, and blend the masculine and the feminine in the most heterogeneous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Versailles, remarkable for the smartness of her repartee, even at the expense of decency, the impositions he had met with upon the road from Calais, on account of his being an Englishman, and not speaking the language with the strictest propriety: and he particularized having paid a postillion twice, who asked him even a

third time for the money. "*Est-il possible?*" said she. "*Oui, Madame, j'avois dé-charge deux fois, sur mon vie.*" — "*Beaucoup mieux*, replied she, *que sur mon Con—te.*" The division of the last word had the desired effect, and raised such a laugh in the gallery, that the King could not refrain asking what they tittered at, as he passed along.

THE DENOUEMENT.

THE reader, I believe, was not apprized, that Mademoiselle Laborde informed me, the lady whom I had saved from perishing, and had conducted to the apartments of Mademoiselle, was withdrawn from thence, and conveyed by her friends to another lodging, which had been provided for her; whereby I was frustrated in my hopes of obtaining an éclaircissement from that quarter, concerning the picture and the jewels.

Having discovered the lodging to which the frightened lady was carried, I was now

flattered with the pleasing intelligence concerning the fair original.

The reader may perhaps fancy that he has anticipated the unravelling of this story, by pronouncing the lady, whom I was instrumental in assisting, the identical original herself. But, to prevent any such erroneous conclusions, I shall here inform him, that any such anticipation is a groundless mistake. Though there was a general resemblance in their features, their height and shape were very different.

I waited upon her with the casket, at the sight of which she expressed great satisfaction; and after having more gratefully than politely thanked me for the care I had taken of her, by which I had probably prevented her perishing in the flames, she informed me that the picture was her sister's, whose husband was expected at Paris in a few days; and that he had sent his clothes, with these jewels, and a great quantity of plate, consigned to her care, until his arrival; but that, unfortunately, they must all be lost, except the jewels I had preserved, as she had not yet

received any tidings of them, nor of her own clothes and furniture.

I condoled with her on the occasion, whilst I expressed my satisfaction at having been instrumental in saving two such valuable objects—herself, and the portrait of her amiable sister.

I then told her, I believed I had had the honour of seeing her sister at Calais, and that, from the conversation which passed between us, I had reason to believe she was not then in the married state. To which the lady replied, “That she had not been married above six weeks; and that her husband was coming to Paris, to compromise a suit which had been subsisting between his relations, and his present wife’s; this marriage having brought about a general reconciliation of the parties.”

This information, I acknowledge, greatly mortified me; and I could almost have wished that the litigation had still subsisted between the parties, and she had still been single.—But a moment’s reflection told me, the wish was uncharitable, unworthy a sentimental breast.—Far distant,

then, be it from my heart, to desire the continuation of another's misfortunes, even for my own satisfaction! Oh! the Remise-door! — — Heigh-ho! — — I could not banish the thought; and finding a gloominess seize on the conversation, I retired somewhat precipitately.

THE SEQUEL.

WHERE can a disturbed bosom find repose, when agitated by the tender passion? A forsaken swain hath but one solace, — — — another nymph more kind. My footsteps seemed by instinct to carry me to Mademoiselle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in tears. "Alas!" said I, "why should Nature, in her fickle moods, thus make the very centre of gaiety and pastime the scene of misery! — How contradictory — — how paradoxical! — But why impute it to Nature? she cannot err." "Mademoiselle," (said I, after this reply,) "it were perhaps an unwelcome office, to request the favour of the con-

"tinuation of your story, which was so
"unexpectedly interrupted by the melan-
"choly accident during my late visit."

"Indeed," said she, "Sir, it will in-
"dulge my melancholy, which alone I
"could not sufficiently gratify, with the
"strongest retrospect of my past misfor-
"tunes; but now I am happy in having this
"opportunity of giving vent to my afflic-
"tion."

"My first excursion from the shop was
"to wait upon an Italian count, supposed
"to be as generous as he was magnificent.
"His *valet de chambre* was rubbing his
"eyes, between eleven and twelve, after
"waiting for his master's return to bed,
"not having been home all night. The
"count came to the door, whilst I was
"conferring with his man, who informing
"him I had brought him some ruffles, I
"was desired to walk up stairs. Innocent
"then of the design of such a customer, I
"readily consented. The count just glan-
"ced his eye upon the ruffles, when, chuck-
"ing me under the chin with one hand,
"he thrust his other into my bosom: this
"behaviour I thought so great an insult,

“that, in my passion, I gave him a slap
 “on the face.” “Oh, Miss,” said he, “if
 “you give yourself airs, I shall teach you
 “better manners.”——“He rung the bell,
 “and his *valet de chambre* appeared.”——
 “Now, Miss,” added he, “take your
 “choice—fair means or foul.”——“I fell
 “upon my knees, and implored mercy;—
 “—but he was inexorable to all my en-
 “treaties. The ruffian *valet* held me, whilst
 “he——Oh spare me the blush of recol-
 “lection!”——

“That I will, my little unfortunate!
 “What a villain!——To perpetrate a
 “deed by violence, which perhaps by so-
 “licitation he might have obtained with
 “your consent!”

“Oh no, Sir,” said she, weeping——
 “I never would have consented——”

“That, indeed, alters the case.——”

“But then his generosity——what recom-
 “pense did he make you?”——

“Why, I was just going to mention.——

“From the character my mistress had giv-
 “en him, I imagined he could not pos-
 “sibly have presented me with less than
 “a hundred louis d’ors, considering the

"difficulty he had, and the opposition I
"made.—I dare say an English nobleman
"would have thought it very trifling."—

"Very trifling, I can assure you; I have
"known an English nobleman pay fifty
"times the sum for such an affair, with-
"out having committed half so good a rape
"as was committed upon you."

"Why, look ye there, so I thought;—
"—and considering what was past could
"not be recalled, I thought I might as
"well accept the wages of—"

"Of iniquity—"

"Yes, iniquity, I think you call it, as
"go without them."

"Every whit—quite orthodox reason-
"ing."

"So I waited, and sobbed—and cried,
"and waited—expecting every moment
"a handsome recompense for such an in-
"sult—when at length he asked me, if I
"was a maid."—

"What an insult after such an attack!—
"—But what did you reply?"

"I told him I might have had some
"little *égaremens du coeur*; but that I ne-

"ver had been guilty of such a crime before."

"The guilt lay on his side, according to the opinion of all the casuists in the world."

"There was much to be said on both sides, but this I kept to myself."

"But the recompense?"

"He ordered me to call to-morrow, when he should pay me for what ruffles he had occasion for—and would make me a present."

"Did you call?"

"Yes, punctually."

"Was you not afraid?"

"No—I thought he could not use me worse than he had done:—but in this I was mistaken:—for he had decamped the night before, with his *valet de chambre*, and in the hurry had forgot to pay his lodging."

"Amazing!"

"Not at all:—he was a gamester; and the morning I saw him, he had lost his last louis d'or at the Academy."

THE ACADEMY.

"THE Academy! What, in the name
 "of wonder, astonishment, and learning,
 "do they allow in the seminaries of sci-
 "ence, in such a polished nation, and
 "such a well-regulated metropolis as Pa-
 "ris, where scarce an obvious vice goes
 "unpunished; I say, do they allow of
 "gaming to a degree that can ruin a
 "man?"

"*Je ne vous entends pas!*"

"I do not understand you," said Miss
 Laborde.

"*Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez
 "dire."*

"Nor I what you mean."

"Did you not say, the Count had lost
 "his money at the Academy?"

"Well, and what astonishment can arise
 "from that? Are not immense sums lost
 "there every night?"

"And are the Police acquainted with
 "it?"

"It is under their immediate protection."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing more certain."
 "And what say the professors?"
 "The professed gamesters are very well
 "pleased with it;—sometimes a run of
 "ill-luck may break them, when they
 "meet with one as knowing as them-
 "selves; but this is such a phenomenon,
 "that the Count's precipitate departure
 "astonished all Paris."

"Pray explain to me the nature of this
 "Academy; for I believe, after all, we
 "are in a state of some misunderstanding
 "concerning it.—By an Academy, I
 "should comprehend the seat of the mu-
 "ses, the garden of science, and the vine-
 "yard of learning."

"No, it is neither a seat, a garden, nor
 "a vineyard, but a gaming-house licensed
 "by the magistrates, where gamblers may
 "cheat with impunity, if they can do it
 "with dexterity, and where the credu-
 "lous and unwary may be ruined, with-
 "out remedy or relief."

"What a prostitution of names!"

"Not at all: *C'est l'Académie des*
 "*Grecs.*—"

"It is the Academy of Sharpers."

"If cheating be a privileged science, I
 "acknowledge the title very proper:—but
 "as it is one of the occult sciences which
 "I shall never study, I beg we may leave
 "this seminary, that you may pursue your
 "narration."

End of the third Volume.

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED,

BY

EUGENIUS.

VOL. IV.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED

EUGENIE S.

N. O. L. INC.

YORICK'S
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

THE NARRATION.

“WHEN my mistress found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, she flew into a violent passion, upon all exotic noblemen, except the English, whom she allowed to be generous, honest, and just. “Well, said she, you shall to-morrow morning wait upon Lord Spindle; he “pays like a prince.” A flood of tears prevented my answer for the present; but when I recovered myself, I told her I saw my doom; that I had already been ravished.

“*J'en suis ravie,*” said she.

“But for nothing,” said I.

“*C'est dommage.*”

"And perhaps I shall never recover my character again, as long as I live."

"At this she fell into a violent laugh, and told me, a woman's character was always well established, in proportion to the number of conquests she had made, and the number of gallants she had duped; that, for her part, she had considered the whole male-sex as her prey, and their fortunes as her property; and that if some of them had slipped through her hands, she had made sufficient amends to herself by those who had fallen into her power; that in these matters we were to take the good with the bad, as in all affairs of commerce: and though the Count had broke in my debt, she did not doubt but Lord Spindle would make me ample amends for my loss, as the circumstance of the Rape was quite in my favour."

"*Est-il possible qu'on puisse être ravie si avantageusement?*"

"*Oui, sans doute, il y a des coups à faire dans toutes occasions.*"

CANTHARIDES.

"THIS was a doctrine I could not comprehend. It was a new-fangled logic, that seemed repugnant to common sense."

"I see, continued she, you do not understand me; but if you will step into my dressing-room while I put on a little rouge, I will explain the mystery."

"You must know," said she, as we were going up stairs, "that Lord Spindle has for some time taken Cantharides, and that they have now lost all their effect. Now, said she, if you had not been previously ravished—" opening the door of

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

"I SAY, if this rape had not taken place, what would have been the consequence?—Probably you would still have been in a vestal state.—I only say *probably*, because I would not desire to pry into any young woman's secrets; and then, considering that Lord Spindle

"is entirely emaciated, he could not possibly have taken so much pains as a virgin's coyness would have required; "no, nor—" (here she was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of her dress was an impenetrable secret)——"but as it has so luckily happened, your fortune will in all likelihood be made, if he does not die before he has——" (another interruption) "made you a handsome settlement."

"An *intail*, said I, you certainly meant."

"Doubtless."

"*Voilà des coups certainement.*"

"*Oui*, said she, *certainement.*"

DOWN AGAIN.

THESE secrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a greater secret than all the rest, which I should not have divulged), duly administered, we returned into the parlour.

The ups and downs in life, she told me, as we descended, were so numerous in our profession, that a woman of sense

should always pay the greatest attention to them; but that she was in hopes if I succeeded with Lord Spindle, my fortune would be made with very few of them.

THE BON MOT.

A Frenchwoman, let her be of what rank she may, never omits any opportunity of saying a *double entendre*, and as the occasion was so very favourable, it was not in the least surprising, that this lady should thus display her genius.

A *Bon Mot* is literally a *good word*; with us it is a *good thing*; and, to say the truth, a good word and a good thing often, with the French ladies, centre in the same point. This is no quaint conceit—I have known a *Figurante*, at the *Opera Comique*, make four conquests with only *mon****—Here she lost a star, it is true, by the language; but four stars were the object, as they were every one chevaliers of the Holy Ghost.

I could expatiate a whole volume away on the shame attending knights of such an order being the knights-errant of a

figure-dancer, as arrant a ***** as ever wore petticoat.

But I scorn to be invidious against Knights——even of the Post—or the Ladies, let their profession be what it will.

“The ladies are greatly obliged to you, “Mr. Yorick; but what have you done “with Lord Spindle?”——

“Oh! here he comes *in propria persona*.”

LORD SPINDLE.

WHO knew not Lord Spindle? But if the reader should be so ignorant, I will give a short, very short history of him.

His Lordship was descended from an ancient family in the North of England, who possessed a very ample fortune. His uncle dying without heirs, whilst he was a minor, he succeeded to the title and estate, upon attaining the age of twenty-one. He had been previously his own master three years, having no one to control him but a Tutor, who accompanied him in his travels in the tour of Europe; but who, instead of curbing any

vicious or irregular inclinations in his pupil, constantly promoted them, as he had thereby an opportunity of indulging his own natural turn for debauchery; and moreover, found his account in the encouragement of these irregularities, not only by sharing the profits of all the extravagant charges of the tradespeople he employed, but by actually dividing the spoils with his Lordship's mistresses.

Such a culture could not fail of producing all the fruits of licentiousness and debauchery. When his Lordship came of age, he found he had already run upwards of an hundred thousand pounds in debt; and the first step he was obliged to take, was to mortgage his estate for the like sum.

His Tutor, who by this time was transformed into his bottle-companion, and nominal as well as real pander, advised him to marry, and thereby repair the injury he had done to his fortune. An opportunity soon offered: A city-heiress was to be disposed of, and bartered for a title and a noble connexion. A drysalter's daughter, with two hundred thousand

pounds, had charms sufficient for Lord Spindle. The treaty was made, the match settled, and the consummation took place in less than three months.

His Lordship had, soon after, reason to find, that all the injury he had done by his debaucheries, was not confined to his fortune, but that his constitution had more than proportionably been impaired. In a word, his physicians advised him to take a journey to Montpellier, as the only means left of recovery.

Dare we pretend to inquire how it fared with Lady Spindle? She returned home to her father, two hundred thousand pounds worse in pocket, and almost as many millions in constitution. A divorce soon after took place,—and his Lordship recovered;—but not without some incisions and amputations, which made him all his life curse Italian concubines.

His *honest* tutor still attended him, and consoled him with all the rhetoric he was master of. He had adopted the system of predestination, though he had never taught it before, finding it the best suited to his present doctrine. He told his Lord-

ship, that every man was born to have a certain number of p—s, as every woman was to have a certain number of children; and that therefore, the sooner they got them over, the better.

Lord Spindle could not be accused of any great depth of understanding, or any great shrewdness in discovering the right or the wrong side of an argument. — A little sophistry, passed upon him for profound logic; and when he heard it dogmatically pronounced from his tutor, he could not pretend to dispute the justness of the premises; so that the following syllogism made his Lordship resume all his debaucheries, as far as he was able, in their greatest latitude.

Major. Every man is born to catch a certain number of p—s:

Minor. Your Lordship has had more than any man of your years:

Ergo. You have the fewer to come in.

When a man sins with reason on his side, how sweet are the peccadilloes! His Lordship hardly wanted so much sophistry to urge him to the charge; but he stood in need of many provocatives to enable him to be as wicked as he desired.

Pedagogus (for so I shall call this pander tutor) had skimmed the surface of most sciences; and having in his youth been almost as abandoned as his late pupil and present master, had dipped into physic, at least that part of it which may be called *Venereal*. He had learned how to promote as well as cure all the diseases which attend the votaries of the Cyprian goddess:—he had formerly, and perhaps did still administer the first to himself;—he now at least administered them to his Lordship.

THE COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN AND THE TURTLE.

THE Sensualist does not often consider, how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health; and an alderman who swallows three pounds of callipash and callipee, seldom attends to the fatal effects of six ounces of Cayenne pepper, which are administered in the dose. The nostrum, it is true, once saved a Common-council-man from being a cuckold, and therefore is not without its virtues.

Mr. Skate had been married ten years; — — he was a man of the world — understood commerce — and upon 'Change was by every one styled a *good man*. Mrs. Skate here differed in opinion. She had brought him five thousand pounds (which indeed he had improved to thirty thousand) and she judged herself entitled to some attention. Mr. Skate, being a money-getting man, frequently attended elubs, went to bed late, and rose early. — — “Less money, and more love,” was her constant expression. “Stay, my dear, “till I make it a *plum*; then I will retire, and shall have nothing to do but “love you.” — — “Ay but, she would say, “then you will be too old; and what “signify riches, or any thing else, if one “can't enjoy it?” This was good logic, almost as good as Pedagogus's, for a Common-council-man's wife.

Things were going on at this rate, and every vocation and avocation constantly attended to, and punctually fulfilled by Mr. Skate—except one — — when Mrs. Skate, after consulting the doctor respecting some doubts concerning adultery, had

made an appointment with him for the next morning at ten, whilst Mr. Skate was at the Custom-house, to convince the doctor that he had convinced her. But luckily for Mr. Skate's honour, and more luckily for Mrs. Skate's virtue, he assisted that day at a turtle-feast at the King's arms.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

I HAVE set apart a chapter for this very great Consequence, as it is of the utmost importance to the Common-councilmen of every ward within the walls, not forgetting Portsoken and Candlewick, who has a wife troubled with scruples of conscience, without being a Methodist. In that case, they are so speedily removed, there is not the least danger.

“ Mr. Skate assisted at a turtle-feast at the King's arms.”

That is my text, and I doubt not but the discourse will prove equally moral and practicable.

“It is well known, my worthy brethren, that turtle is very salacious food, and when

heightened, improved, or strengthened, which you please, by Cayenne pepper and strong sauces, may warm and invigorate the coldest constitution. When it is also considered, gentlemen of the Common-council, how few of you are enemies to a glass (or two or three) of generous wine, and how much food of such a heating nature promotes the circulation of the bottle, it is not at all astonishing that every convivial assistant should go home cherry-merry, after having been a guest at such a repast.

“This was precisely the case with Mr. Skate;—he had forgot that Bank stock had rose one eighth that day, and he had sold out a thousand the day before; he had forgot the private intelligence he had received from the waiter at Lloyd’s, of which he was to make his advantage before it had got into the papers: he had even forgot the report of a ship being lost—upon which he had under-wrote fifteen hundred. The turtle, the Cayenne pepper, and the generous wine, operated so strongly, that his heart was dilated, his

spirits were exhilarated, and he thought of nothing but Mrs. Skate.

"Mrs. Skate, by two in the morning, began to repent of having made an appointment with the doctor.——"Would Mr. Skate had realized this *plum*, and "I should consider adultery in as heinous "a light as ever!"

"Ten o'clock came, and so did the doctor.—Lord, my dear, you'll oversleep yourself: — do you know what's "o'clock?—'tis ten, I vow!"

"With these sentiments she fell asleep—yet she dreamt of the doctor; she could think of nothing but his white hand—how soft!—and the neatness of his shirt-plaiting."

"What care I? — Fill about, Mr. Allspice, this is excellent wine."

"Good Heaven!—he is dreaming; he "will certainly forget himself."

"What did you wake me for?—I "dreamt I was worth a plum, and was "as happy as a prince."

"Mr. Skate got up, but did not dress;—he turned again upon his side, and lay till noon."

"The doctor was affronted at the imposition he thought was put on him, and Mrs. Skate always entreats Mr. Skate not to miss a turtle-feast.

THE TUTOR.

HAVING dispatched the Common-council-man, it is time I should attend to Pedagogus, or else, considering the dispositions and pursuits of him and my Lord, they may chance to slip through our fingers to the Elysian shades, before we have quite done with them.

I think we left him administering provocatives to his Lordship, and from thence I derived the conclusion, That the sensualist seldom considers how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health.

It might be conjectured, that, considering the easy luxurious life Pedagogus led, as the bottle-companion of Lord Spindle, and as he was his sole dependence; which might, indeed, have been mentioned before; it was somewhat astonishing he should broach systems, espouse doctrines, and administer remedies, so very pernicious to

his Lordship's tender fabric: To which I answer in *eleven* words,

"His Lordship had bequeathed him three thousand pounds in his will."

I am the more particular in specifying the number of words contained in this bequest, as the greatest critics are very apt to overlook these niceties; and I have known even a Reviewer conclude, "*In a word,*" and add *a score*. Every part of criticism is worthy of the Scholiast's attention.

MISS LABORDE'S STORY CONCLUDED.

"THE very same Lord Spindle, I can assure you." "I thought I was right in my man;—pray proceed."

"I was introduced to his Lordship by Mr. Pedagogus, who took me by the hand, and looking languishingly at me, gave it a gentle squeeze, saying, "I do not know whether his Lordship will be able to see you to-day.—If he does not want any of your merchandise, I will purchase any thing you have got."

"I said, I was sorry to hear his Lordship was ill, and if I could not see him, I would call another time."

"No, my dear, said he, you may see him—all that is left of him;—but as to any thing else, I think it would be as cruel as interring a fine blooming girl like yourself with an Egyptian mummy, that had been dead half a dozen centuries, restored to view by the resurrection of antiquarians."

"His Lordship now rang for chocolate, which he drank in bed; and being informed that I was come to wait upon him, he ordered me in.—Pulling back the curtain, I saw a most ghastly figure, which seemed a better qualified lover for Queen Dido, than a Parisian milliner. He, nevertheless, said some civil things to me, —bought my whole band box,—and said he would purchase myself, if he were capable. Whereupon he took his purse out of his breeches-pocket, presented me with it, and then—————

—————I shall only add, I was as well qualified to keep in the vestal fire after leaving his Lordship, as I was upon entering his apartment.

“He desired me to call three days after —when he was dead. Pedagogus now made love in form, took this apartment for me, and gave me a decent allowance, till within these ten days, when he was taken up on suspicion of poisoning Lord Spindle, and is now in the *Bicêtre*.

“After this provision ceased, I was obliged to have recourse to other means, which I need not explain, and which have entitled me to a place upon the Commissary’s list.”

A REFLECTION.

THE reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull, trite story, from the moment he heard of Miss Laborde’s whimpering. —I hope he has been greatly disappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim’s Progress, or any pathetic novel that has been published within these ten years, and make himself ample amends for the time he has lost in the perusal of these pages.

N. N. If he be a Tutor, I prescribe him an ounce of cantharides.

VENDREDI-SAINT, or GOOD-
FRIDAY.

THOUGH no man holds the ceremonies of religion in higher veneration than myself, and though I would not for a *Mitre* ridicule the mysteries, even of Popery, in a Romish country; still there are some things so obviously ridiculous in its pageantry and exercise, that one must be almost a stone, not to raise a risible muscle at many of their officials. I have no objection to bowing or kneeling whilst the wafer passes in solemn procession, and have myself soiled a pair of new breeches sooner than (*faire scandale*) give scandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or their beating their breasts at the elevation of the host; and permit the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit écu* each to kneel and kiss a wooden cross *le Vendredi saint*: but I will not allow a professed *fille de joie* to consider it as inevitable damnation, beyond the power of all the orders of all the priests, the conclave of cardinals, and even the pope

himself, to absolve her for eating the wing of a chicken on that day, and yet not refuse to exercise all the functions of her profession for six livres.

I paid Mademoiselle Laborde a visit on Good-Friday; and being somewhat fatigued upon returning from Versailles, I desired her to send to the *Traiteur's* for a pullet and sallad, as I could not reach my own appartments without some refreshment.

FROGS NEWLY CLASSED.

„COMMENT, Monsieur, mangez-vous la viande le Vendredi-saint?”

“What, Sir, do you eat meat on Good-Friday?”

“I should have no objection to fish, for that matter, if there were any good; carp and tench I have been already surfeited with this Lent; and as to your *morue*, it can be equalled by nothing but the black broth of the ancients.”

“Mais il y a d'autres espèces de poissons; que pensez-vous des anguilles et des grenouilles?”

"But there are other kinds of fish; what think you of eels and frogs?"

"Frogs! ha! ha! ha! Excuse me for laughing. — This is the first time I ever heard them classed under the head of fish."

"*Comment! la grenouille c'est bien du poisson, et elle est permise.*"

"How! — Surely frogs are, very good fish, and they are allowed."

"They may be allowed; but, in this case, I should think the penance very rigid, if I were compelled to eat them, though you were to call them wild-fowl. — A frog-feast, to an Englishman, is a very severe fast."

The CASE of RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

THE *Traiteur* was sent for; but he informed me, he could not possibly serve the table with flesh to-day, unless I had a certificate under a physician's hand that I was ill.

"Look in my face! — Is not my countenance a sufficient certificate? — — Be-

"fides, here is a recipe I had yesterday
"from a doctor of the Sorbonne."

The *Traiteur* did not understand Latin, but was convinced it was right, by being so very unintelligible.

The dinner was served; Mademoiselle, however, would not touch a bit. She expected a visit from her confessor that afternoon, to prepare her for her Easter; and he would certainly deny her absolution, in case she should break her Lent upon so important a day.

"Pray, Miss, do you reveal every thing
"to your confessor?"

"Every thing, Sir."

"And what would you say, if a good
"customer were to drop in?—You would
"not refuse him?"

"Non, certainement; — *c'est une autre
"affaire."*

"No, certainly:—that's another case."

"Burgundy exhilarates the spirits, after a hearty meal succeeding exercise. These causes united, produced a very natural effect; and as the point in case was *une autre affaire*—wherefore should I have more religious scruples than Mademoiselle?"

The case then stood thus:

	Deg.		Deg.
Religion	6	The flesh	7
Reason	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Appetite	16
Danger	3	Powers	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Conscience	$\frac{1}{8}$	Object	53
Character	14	Opportunity	99
<hr/>		<hr/>	
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		$177\frac{3}{4}$
	$177\frac{3}{4}$		
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		

Alas! alas! $150\frac{1}{8}$ What a balance!

How light are religion, reason, danger, conscience, and even character, when opposed to the flesh, appetite, powers, object, and opportunity!—

Pray, Miss Laborde, draw the curtain; for I am quite ashamed of the conclusion.

Gentle readers, male or female, or both united, how do your pulses beat? Quick, quick, quick,—for G—d's sake, draw the curtain too!

THE BLUSH.

PRAY, courteous reader, did you not perceive me blush in the last chapter?—I reddened all over.—I question whether the *Traiteur* would have taken my word, or even the Latin certificate, for my illness, under such a ruddy complexion; and in this case all the cause would have been prevented: for had not the fowl contained the best of juices, and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy,——neither *morue* nor *frogs*, though excellent fish, would have produced the dangerous effect.—Oh! how I still blush at the repetition! my very paper is as red as scarlet, and I can write no more upon the subject.

The RECOVERY of COMPLEXION.

HAVING taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confession ap-

proached; and Miss Laborde had in my opinion an additional peccadillo to disburden her conscience from, though her abstinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION.

CURIOSITY, what wilt thou not perform? My design was, to have retired directly home, and dress;—but meeting with a lusty Friar upon the stairs, a thought occurred to me—"Surely this man must be framed of different flesh and blood than other mortals, if, when Mademoiselle reveals all her secrets to him, he can have the resolution to withstand such an attack upon the senses."

I returned, and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myself to observe the fervour of the penitent's devotion.

How many Ave Maria's!—how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a lusty friar! What felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! What an accident!

I had always an aversion to wooden beds, from their cracking:—they have often disturbed me from the soft slumbers of sweet repose upon the road, where, in spite of the virtue preached on Sunday—But such an accident surely never before happened!—No carpenters will work on *Good-Friday* in Paris,—and the *gros Financier* was to be with Mademoiselle at nine, an hour after confession.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate—Notwithstanding the accident—would I had been a friar, a lusty friar!

THE GUINGUETTE.

I WILL frankly acknowledge, that, though I never coveted or envied any man his professions or enjoyments, either corporal or mental, before I could not get the *lusty friar* out of my head; and, had not a friend called upon me to see the humours of the *Guinguette* on Easter Sunday, I verily believe that I might have been mad enough to have changed my religion, to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris, not unfamiliar to White-conduit-house, Bagnigge-wells, and the like, in the purlieus of London; with this difference, that instead of tea, *petits soupers* are given, and a bottle of wine is drunk till they are ready. The principal amusement consists of dancing. As these places are chiefly frequented by the *Bourgeoise* of Paris, they are resorted to by the greatest numbers on Sundays, as public dancing, as well as plays and operas, are allowed on that day. This being Easter Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than usual, on account of the variety of new clothes constantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS.

THESE are a species of animals, who, from a principle of false honour, and still more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authorized to disturb the repose and merriment of the citizens of Paris. They generally consist of Mousquetaires and Pages. Being trained from their infancy to the

sword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficient in fencing; and upon this superiority in arms, they build their title to insolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, especially on Sunday, is the certain mart of their abilities: here they display their false wit and false courage, and frequently pass them off for genuine: however, the counterfeits are sometimes detected, and severely punished.

Having, with my friend, taken a seat in the most retired corner of the room, that we might be unobserved spectators of what passed, a couple of *Tapageurs* presently entered; and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young Jeweller, who was with his *Sweet-heart*, for the object of their present ridicule.

The young fellow was dressed very genteelly, with a sword, and carried no marks of plebeianism about him. But they knew he was a mechanic; and it is a rule with the *Tapageurs*, to chastise all such, as they call them, when they find them either in dress or company out of their sphere. The young woman was very hand-

some, and, by the modesty which was depicted in her countenance, was entitled to respect even from the most abandoned. But the *Tapageurs* consider decency and decorum as vices which a Page or Mousquetaire should never be guilty of, and therefore carefully avoid committing them.

One of these heroes went up to the table where the Jeweller and his mistress were sitting, drinking a glass of wine; and, asking him if his wine was good, without invitation helped himself to a glass: he then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to serve first his companion, and afterwards himself, till the bottle was emptied.

The young Jeweller bore all these insults with great good temper; and calling for another bottle, told them, he was very proud of the honour of their company; and that, if they could not afford to pay, they were even very welcome to another, or two, at his expense.

“*Comment, Monsieur le Jouailler, comp-
tez-vous que vous n’êtes pas connu? —
Allez balayer votre boutique, et laissez
votre épée chez vous.*”

"What, Mr. Jeweller, do you think you
"are not known? — Go and sweep your
"shop, and leave your sword at home."

"*Je le ferai bien,*" replied the Jeweller, "*après que je vous aurai corrigé
"pour votre insolence."*

"That I will readily do, after I have
"corrected you for your insolence."

They now retired, whilst the Jeweller's
mistress fainted away; however, by the
help of some hartshorn and water, she
recovered herself, just as her lover returned
victorious.

The Mousquetaire, vain-gloriously trifling
with the Jeweller, whom he judged
much inferior in skill, happening to stumble
over a stone, was wounded through the
body. A surgeon was immediately sent
for, who was very doubtful concerning
the wound. He was, however, put to bed,
and all possible care taken of him.

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she

neither overburdens some individuals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes; but, by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example; to These she gives great riches with an unquiet mind; to Those, a great share of adversity, with much insensibility. If the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; whilst the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with their ill fortune, would, doubtless, be highly deserving of pity.

If, then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other—the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter—we shall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, insensible of the evils of life, despises the miser, who, whilst he amasses wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of losing it.

Nor is this observation confined solely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their consolations. The handsome woman looks with contempt

on the ill-fhapen female, who, in turn, despises the beautiful idiot, formed only to be gazed upon. The swordsman considers courage and skill in arms as the greatest accomplishments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank entitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanic; whilst these, on the contrary, maintain industry and trade to be more important objects than the *étiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus, in every station of life, there is a consolation and solace to be found: and, indeed, no rank is contemptible in itself, whilst the person who fills it, acts in character.

THE APPLICATION.

HAD the mousquetaire considered this with attention, he certainly might have saved a life which was thrown away for — *nothing*! A life, that might have been of service to his country, an honour to his family, and a blessing to his friends; but which was now a disgrace to all.

May this *Tapageur* be hung up in ter-

. *rorem*, as a *memento* of the folly and vanity of a species of beings, who, it is to be hoped, will soon be exterminated from the earth. Such is the earnest prayer of Yorick!

THE OCCASION.

THE misfortunes which befel the unfortunate Mademoiselle Laborde, from her omission of having asked me for the letter to her mistress, struck me so forcibly upon my return from the *Guinguette*, that I resolved to wait upon that lady the next day with it, and endeavour, by what little eloquence I possessed, to induce her to take her *filie de chambre* once more under her protection.

Whilst I was ruminating upon the most effectual plan of operations, I accidentally strolled into the Tuilleries, and, being somewhat fatigued, seated myself next a lady, who proving very communicative, we presently fell into general conversation, and from general descended to particular: so that, without any kind of seeming impropriety, I asked her if

she knew Madame Rambouillet. —
 “Madame Rambouillet! (she repeated)
 “*C'est moi-même.*”

“Good Heaven, said I, what an accident! You are the very lady I proposed waiting upon to-morrow morning, with a letter I have been so neglectful as to keep these two months in my pocket.”

“*Vous êtes Mr. Yorick, donc? — Et comment est-il arrivé que vous n'êtes pas venu me voir?*”

Saying this, she rose up, and seizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing to take my leave, but she said with a very imperative tone—
 “*Il faut souper avec moi.*”

THE TUILLERIES.

I SUSPECTED Madame Rambouillet's sudden and abrupt departure from the Gardens was occasioned by a spectacle, or rather a pair of spectacles, which, in a less polished sphere of action, would have been exploded, as erring against all the rules of decent optics.

On the left-hand walk from the Louvre is a range of shrubbery that runs parallel to the wall, at about six feet distance, and which in summer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which, obscenities of any species may be committed, unobserved by the company in the Gardens; but in winter and spring, every thing performed behind this shrubbery is as much exposed as if done in any other part of the Tuileries.

Having ascertained the topography of this retreat, I shall now point out its uses.

There are two Goddesses, whose numerous votaries consider it as the highest insult to these Divinities to expose the devotions they pay to them; the most reclusive retreats, therefore, are constantly chosen for these oblations. But, by a strange effect of French vivacity, the Parisians forget the seasons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a single leaf yet disclosed, to conceal the rites which two devotees of one Goddess were at this time performing.

THE MISTAKE.

ALTHOUGH I had supposed this exhibition had shocked the delicacy of Madame Rambouillet so much as to render any longer stay in the Gardens impracticable, I was afterwards thoroughly convinced that French *politesse* does not extend to such niceties. Her hurry was occasioned by her impatience to ask me a hundred questions, without giving me time to answer one, tho' fully satisfied with my replies. She accordingly took her leave of Madame de la Garde at the Great Gate, telling her she should drink chocolate with her to-morrow — and adding, "*J'ai quelques affaires avec ce Monsieur.*" — "*Vous m'excuserez.*"

THE ATTEMPT.

WHEN I imagined Madame Rambouillet's curiosity had been pretty well gratified, I thought it was a favourable opportunity to plead for Mademoiselle Laborde.

"Pray, Madam, had not you a chambermaid whom you sent to my apartments for the letter which I have now delivered?—Does she live with you still?"

"Ah! la coquine! Elle a fait bien des faux pas: non, Monsieur, elle est sur le pavé même."

"Oh, the hussy! she has made many slips; no, Sir, she even walks the streets."

This does not look like a reconciliation; I must change my battery.

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear it. I hope she is not irreclaimable—How came you to part with her?"

"Je crains, Monsieur, que vous n'y ayez eu un peu de part."

"I fear, Sir, you had some share in it."

"Then, Madam, pray let me plead for her. Restore her to your favour; forget her past errors; and I will be bound for her future good behaviour. I have heard her story; and she is to be pitied."

Finding I had made some impression upon Madame Rambouillet in her favour, I told her story to the best advantage. She was greatly surprised at the turpitude of

her milliner; and in her passion, though a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering,

"Ah, la vilaine Bou—gresse!"

Now was my time: her passions were set on float; her pity began to move; and, if her compassion were once under sail, I hoped I should quickly bring her to anchor in the harbour of Forgiveness. The port was in view, and a favourable gale sprung up.

THE PENITENT.

IT is certainly true, there is more joy on earth, as well as in Heaven, at bringing back one strayed sheep, than keeping in order the rest of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to restore Miss Laborde to her favour, on condition she would unfold all the misdeeds of her milliner, and depose them before a *Commissaire*, that she might be dealt with according to law. This she was easily prevailed upon to perform; and Madame la Roche's house was the next day beset by the *Archers*.

THE BICÊTRE.

A Deposition upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profession of a procuress, is sufficient to entitle her to a place in the *Bicêtre*. In consequence, therefore, of Mademoiselle Laborde's declaration, Madame la Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted thither, were I shall leave them to their own reflections, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE.

I BEG leave, in this place, to correct a mistake which slipped into the first volume of my Sentimental Journey (page 112,) as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a Traveller and particularly a Sentimental one, ought to be very correct. The passage is this:

“Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town. Of all women, Madame de

"Rambouillet is the most correct; and I
 "never wish to see one of more virtues
 "and purity of heart. In our return back,
 "Madame de Rambouillet desired me to
 "pull the cord: I asked her if she want-
 "ed any thing? *Rien que pisser*, said Ma-
 "dame de Rambouillet."

The fact is certain, and therefore re-
 mains in its full force; but the time when,
 and the place where, require some amend-
 ment.

It was only one week after I first met
 her in the Tuilleries; and the circumstance
 happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*.

This will also rectify the anachronism
 of my first acquaintance with Madame de
 Rambouillet, which should not have been
 placed till after my return from the South
 of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR.

THE *Pet en l'Air* is once more a
 fashionable dress among the English La-
 dies, and therefore requires no definition:
 its etymology will be set forth in this
 chapter.

Madame Pompadour riding through *le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*, the first day she wore this dress, (which was invented by her, and had not yet been christened,) in company with Mademoiselle La Tour, one of her waiting-maids, or rather servile companions, by some accident gave vent to some confined air, according to Hudibras, the natural way. The ludicrousness of the accident, occasioned her to burst into a loud laugh, and exclaim, "That shall be the name of my new dress;" and, from that time, a short sack and petticoat were called a *Pet en l'Air*.

A similarity of circumstances produces a similarity of sentiments. When Madame de Rambouillet alighted to *rien que pisser*, she was better than her word; and, upon resuming her seat, with a laugh, said, "*C'est un Pet pas en l'air, mais dans le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire.*"

Such critical justness, in so light a conceit, must certainly set her judgment in the most favourable point of light; and though the thought might be originally Madame de Pompadour's, this lady's im-

provement upon it is at least equal to the primitive sentiment.

Three learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this sentence.

THE CONCATENATION.

I DARE say the reader was not a little disappointed, upon Mademoiselle Laborde's resuming her story, to find that the concatenation was entirely destroyed, and that no mention was made of her lover the *Perruquier*, who had proposed a connubial connexion in the most honourable and serious way, and who was so well situated in business, and so agreeable a man, that he seemed every way qualified to render the marriage-state completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of chasm in this part of her narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

"Pray, Mademoiselle," said I, as we were sitting together at Madame Rambouillet's during her absence. "*à propos*,"

(though, by-the-by, it was no more *à propos* than any one thing the most foreign in the world, that might have been lugged in head and shoulders) "*à propos*, Miss Laborde, you never told me what became of your lover the *Perruquier*?"

"Good Heavens! no more I did; I quite forgot him. I was so taken up with the Italian Count and Lord Spindle, he never once entered my head. — Poor man! Heigh-ho!"

"What makes you sigh and call him *poor* man? I thought he was in very good circumstances."

"Yes, his circumstances were very well, for the matter of that; but he was very imprudent. He was twice cited to appear before the company of Barber-Surgeons, and mulcted for not being licensed; and yet he was so indiscreet as to set them at defiance, and the third time was committed to prison, where I believe he still remains."

"What, could not the dutchess his patrons relieve him?"

"She did not choose to appear in such an affair publicly. — Besides, I believe,

“by this time, she had pretty well forgot
“him and his services. An Irish colonel
“had for some time supplied his place so
“effectually, that there were some hopes
“of an heir to that noble family, after
“her Grace had been married eleven years
“without issue.”

“And so the poor fellow is to rot in
“jail, because the Irish colonel has so ef-
“fectually served this noble family! For-
“bid it, Justice! Forbid it, Mercy!”

THE INTERCESSION.

THE next morning, having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the master of the company of Barber-Surgeons, proposing to pay all the expenses attending his imprisonment, and to find sureties for his never trespassing again. In this letter I mentioned the Count de B—'s name, to whom I also communicated the affair; and received a very polite answer, in which I was informed, Tournelle's confinement was more owing to his obstinacy, in not submitting to the concessions prescribed

him, than to any incapacity of paying the fees, or taking out a license.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found in very good spirits, relying upon the dutchess's protection, upon her return from the country, where he had been informed she had resided for some time past. I had some difficulty at first to convince him of his error in this respect: but when I mentioned to him the Irish colonel, who had been one of his customers, and the other circumstances attending his connexions with the dutchess; and added, that, to my certain knowledge, she had not been a night absent from Paris these two months, he lowered his tone, and very submissively entreated my intercession.

I then told him the terms upon which I would obtain his liberty, and reimburse all the expenses which this affair had occasioned.

This was his marriage with Mademoiselle Laborde. To this he readily consented, saying, she was the only woman he had ever really loved; and that I could not propose to him a more agreeable match; as he certainly should have married her

before this time, if he had not been prevented by his confinement.

D O U B T S.

CASUISTS and Theologians will, perhaps, oppose their doctrines to my conduct, and pronounce the part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather Jesuitical.—I had my doubts.

Whether this man may not be happily united to a woman, who, though she has been guilty of errors, is conscious of them, and seems perfectly penitent?

Or,

Whether, by informing him of the real state of her conduct, I may not make him miserable, and prevent an union which might make them both contented?

All her public errors had been committed, whilst he was estranged from the world: and ignorance, in this respect, was to him virtue on her behalf;—but then the powers of Malice—

On Eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE RESOLUTION.

I ACQUAINTED Madame de Rambouillet with all the steps I had taken, and consulted with her which was the most eligible way of proceeding. She said she would send for him to dress her; and whilst she was under the operation, she would introduce a conversation, wherein a similar character to Mademoiselle Laborde's should be presented to his opinion; and, if he thought such a woman a proper candidate for matrimony, no intelligence he might afterwards receive from the slanderous world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION.

HAIR-DRESSING is now so prevalent all over Europe, and even America, (for many an *honest Perruquier* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe), that it does not seem in the least ridiculous for a man, much less a lady, to sit a couple of hours to have their heads tortured with hot irons. Christian charity upon

this occasion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole—for burning is a horrid death.

Two hours are nothing. I am absolutely too modest. A French lady would be ashamed to retire from her toilet in three. This surely then was a sufficient period to discuss the matters in point—Madame de Rambouillet's head and Mademoiselle Laborde's—character.

THE CONVERSATION.

Madame de Rambouillet.

IS it possible, then, you could admire a woman after she had been guilty of a *faux pas* with another man?

Tournelle. That, Madame, would depend entirely on circumstances.

Madame. What circumstances are those?

Tour. First, Whether she had given him the preference by choice; whether she was compelled; or whether Necessity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So then, in either of these cases, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved?

Tour. Provided her future conduct strongly testified that her sentiments were not contaminated; and that her past behaviour would serve her as a beacon to avoid those shoals which so many females split upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was satisfied that Necessity had compelled her, and that she was perfectly reclaimed?

Tour. The number, Madame, I think of no consequence in this case: the sentiment and present disposition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying a woman under such circumstances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enough to have wedded her, I suppose I should be blind enough to her past failings; and, perhaps, vain enough to think that her future husband might reform her into an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good sense; and, if half the Parisian husbands had reasoned with as much justice towards their wives, I believe there would not be half

the number of cuckolds or cuckold-makers. — Bless me! you have burnt off a curl, a capital curl! What must be done?

Tour. *Que Diable!* This comes of marriage. — But I can soon rectify the deficiency of the *outside* of a lady's head, be it ever so great. — I will run immediately for my last new-invented *tête*; which, I am sure, Madame, you will approve of.

Madame. "Ah! Monsieur Tournelle, *"il n'y a pas moyen."*

Tour. "N'ayez pas peur — je retournerai dans l'instant."

THE MARRIAGE.

I WOULD not have the reader, let him be ever so superstitious, imagine that this accident was any way ominous: for I can assure him, that to this hour I do not know any one thing which has occurred, that could in any respect be supposed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very shortly; I gave away Mademoiselle Laborde, now Madame Tournelle; and there is not a better wife in

all *la Rue St. Honorée*, or even *Renommée*.

What can I say more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the christening, I am to stand godfather; if not, I shall be sponsor by proxy.

N. B. Mr. Tournelle strenuously objected to the clerical claims of *cuisse* and *jambage*.—But he did not reside in *la Rue Tireboudin*.

M Y S E L F.

HAVING thus cleanly, honestly, morally, and *almost* virtuously, got Mademoiselle Laborde off my hands, I have nobody now to mind but myself.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I should pay some attention to Madame de Rambouillet, the Count de B—, the Marchande de Gands d'amour, the Marquis de B****, Monsieur P— the Farmer General, Madame de G—, Madame de V—, Monsieur D—, the Abbé M—, the Count de Fainéant,

and all the rest of my Parisian acquaintance. To this I say, *No*.

Myself—is what I have not for some months looked into—With this Being I must now converse; leaving the frivolity of *petits-mâîtres* to be gratified with all their unsubstantial enjoyments—their ideal pleasures.

How stands the great account between me and reason? Some hath been paid, but much more still is due.—A long, long reckoning.—Alas! when shall I strike a balance?

Oh, my Eugenius! when we reflect upon the quick transition of time, the ridiculous goals of so great a part of the course of life, its short duration, the phantoms we pursue, the shadows that we grasp, I blush to take a view of myself, and would procrastinate a scrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY,

How magnificent are your altars! How numerous your votaries! How great your sacrifices?

THE VISIT.

WHEN I had got thus far in this moral selfdisquisition, I heard a carriage stop at the door, and looking from the window, perceived the Count de B—inquiring for Monsieur Yorick, or Monsieur Sterne. He saw me at the window, and instantly alighted.

He came up stairs, with much seeming satisfaction in his countenance upon finding me at home; he said he had had some difficulty in discovering my place of abode; that nobody knew Monsieur Yorick; and that, had he not luckily met with the celebrated Mr. W—es upon the Pont Neuf, he should never have thought of inquiring for Monsieur Sterne; but that Mr. W—es explained to him the enigma, and that he had ordered his bookseller to bind him immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Tristram Shandy, together with his Sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an oblique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, how-

ever, was soon melted down into politics. Mr. W——es, his partisans and opponents, furnished us with matter of conversation for near an hour; in which the Count displayed great judgment, and a very extensive knowledge of the constitution, laws, and customs of England; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

“But, after all, said the Count, this is
“not the subject of my visit. Monsieur de
“L——, with the assistance of the Abbé
“T——, has made very free with the
“Marquis de M——, in a pamphlet hand-
“ed about. Now, continued he, I have
“written an answer to it, in which I have
“the vanity to think I have fairly retort-
“ed the argument, as well as the raille-
“ry upon him; and I wanted to consult
“with you upon a proper device by way
“of frontispiece.”

“My conceit is an elephant learning to
“dance upon the slackrope, being taught
“by a monkey.”

THE OBJECTION.

“MONSIEUR Le Comte, said I, since
 “you do me the honour to consult me
 “upon the occasion, I hope you will not
 “be offended at my speaking without re-
 “serve.”

“By no means,” replied he.

“Why, Monsieur le Comte, the thought
 “is good; but, *pardonnez-moi*, it is not
 “new!”

“Not new!—Where is it to be met
 “with?”

*An ANECDOTE of the late DUT-
 CHESS of MARLBOROUGH.*

“LORD Grimstone, when at school,
 “about the age of thirteen, wrote a co-
 “medy called, *The Lawyer's Fortune*.
 “This production was so far from pos-
 “sessing any dramatic merit, that it con-
 “tained scarce any thing but palpable in-
 “consistencies; however, when the very
 “juvenile years of its author are confi-
 “dered, and that the publication of it

“was probably owing to the partiality
“of parents in the gratification of a child-
“ish vanity; and when it is also con-
“sidered, that at a mature time of life,
“the author himself, upon a review of
“it, becoming sensible of its imperfec-
“tions, took every possible means to call
“in the impression, and, if possible, pre-
“vent so indifferent a performance stand-
“ing forth in evidence against even his
“childish talents; such an error seemed,
“to all impartial people, sufficiently apo-
“logized for: and, indeed, the severer
“critics are less to be blamed than a
“certain lady, who called it forth from
“obscurity. This was the late Sarah Dut-
“chess of Marlborough, who, in the
“course of an opposition which she thought
“proper to make to this gentleman, in
“an election for members of parliament,
“where he stood a candidate, caused a
“large impression of this play to be print-
“ed at her own expense, and to be dis-
“tributed among the electors; with a
“frontispiece, conveying a reflection on
“his Lordship’s understanding. The device
“was, *an elephant dancing on a slack*

“*rope*. This gentleman, nevertheless, carried his election, in despite of this attempt to make him ridiculous in the eyes of his constituents.”

THE MONKEY.

“*FORT bien, Monsieur, mais où est le singe?*”

“Very well, Sir, but where is the monkey?”

“Oh I give up the monkey, Monsieur le Comte, though there was something very like one in the back ground.”

CONVICTION.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a mistake, especially when his wit or judgment seems to be called in question; so that, though the Count de B—— was a very accomplished gentleman, still he had so much of the Frenchman in him, that I saw him redden, as soon as I mentioned the old dutchess’s allegorical frontispiece; and I could find he would willingly have pur-

chased all the dispersed copies of the *Lawyer's Fortune*, at a higher price than Lord Grimstone, to have secured to himself the merit of novelty.

POLITESSE.

HOWEVER, the Count preserved every possible external mark of *politesse*; and seemed pleased with a hint I gave him to improve his plate: he insisted upon my eating soup with him the very next day, but added, "*Vous me ferez un plaisir très-singulier, de ne mentionner à personne l'idée que vous m'avez donnée à l'égard de cette planche.*"

"You will, said he, confer a singular pleasure on me, if you mention to no one the hint you gave me concerning this plate."

I promised him I would not.

For this reason I suppressed it here; though perhaps I might thereby lay claim to some Hogarthian merit—and it might have served as a very proper frontispiece to these four volumes of *Sentimental Travels*.

But Yorick's word is no jest,

CURIOSITY.

CURIOSITY has been the source of human misery. What a price did Eve pay for it? What a price is every day paid for it by the human race? It may be divided into two classes: The first is, the desire of being acquainted with past times, by the means of history, of discovering the secrets of Nature, fathoming the depths of science, and such like laudable pursuits. This class of curiosity cannot be too strenuously and constantly preserved and excited, as, by an acquaintance with the past, we learn how to behave upon occasions that offer; for, as Cicero says, "*nescire quod antequam natus esses ac-tum est, id semper esse puerum.*"

The second class of curiosity, is an inquisitiveness after the business and pursuits of other people; and it is this kind of curiosity which must always be condemned.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws, whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being publicly whipt, ever

to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his business; and those who answered such questions, were deprived of the use of fire and water. The reason they assigned for enacting this law, was, that men, by not interfering with the business of others, might the better attend to their own.

Good Heaven! if such a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the centre of curiosity, how much more would the curiosity of the Parisians be excited by the displaying of those charms, which, indeed, the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publicly exposed and castigated! Nor that they would be destitute of male-companions in these perambulations; for I believe the *petits-maitres* in this city are the greatest gossips on earth.

These curious impertinents seem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; all their knowledge may be said to consist in their neighbour's actions; and whilst they repeat what they have learnt, by way of cen-

sure, forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in.

Plutarch and Pliny have both written encomiums upon Marcus Pontius, a Roman, who never had the curiosity to inquire about what passed at Rome, nor in the houses of his nearest neighbours. But this is a singular example, which will never be imitated, whilst politics and news of every species, seem to engross the whole attention of mankind.

THE CRITICISM.

I AM aware that the Snarlers will immediately be let loose upon me.—“So, “Mr. Yorick, you would suppress all curiosity, all thirst of knowledge, except “what may immediately come under the “head of science.—Who the p—x then “would read your works?”

Answer—There would then be nothing else read, as they contain the essence of learning, the depth of science, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION.

I SHALL now set forth my reasons for having such an objection to Parisian curiosity in particular.

On the same floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer; he was at the gate when the Count de B— inquired for me by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his understanding, and this was sufficient to excite his curiosity. He popped his head into every Coffee-house in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me: what he there learned respecting me, he added to his former enigmatical account, in order, as poisons expel poisons, to extract more venom out of my character.

In every Coffee-house in Paris is posted a political lion, or court-spy, who reports every thing that falls within his observation, which he thinks will please the ministry, or lead to any discoveries. My name being thus handed about, there was no less than thirty-two different accounts concerning me, the next morning,

upon the Duke de C—'s bureau, all concluding that I was a dangerous person.

I that day paid a visit to the Count de B—, with whom I also dined. During my absence, my lodgings were searched, all my papers seized, and a *lettre de cachet* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE.

DARK and intricate are the ways of Providence! — Short-sighted mortals, it were not fitting you should pry into futurity; or could ye, the knowledge of events hereafter, so far from accelerating your happiness, would but increase your misery.

With what spirits did I dress, to wait upon the Count! With what an air of cheerfulness and satisfaction did I step into the coach, and order the *Cocher* to drive to his Hotel! Little did I think, at that very moment, the hand of the minister was subscribing to my fate.

The Count de B— met me with the greatest politeness; and told me, as a secret, that the Duke de C—l had highly

applauded my conceit. "He is to dine here." -- Scarce had he uttered these words, before the minister appeared. The Count introduced me to the Duke; but I perceived a reserve and coyness in his address, which I had never before observed in a Frenchman.

They retired for some time. The Count returned and asked me several questions, which I answered with my usual frankness. They were out of the common road; but I thought he was entitled to an explanation.

In about a quarter of an hour, the Duke returned with the Count; when there was a serenity and openness in the minister's countenance, to which it had been quite estranged before. The company increased, when the conversation was general, sprightly, and agreeable.

MY RETURN.

NO sooner had my coach stopped at the gate, than my host came running out to tell me, if I was not inclined to lie in the *Bastille*, to drive away as fast as I

could. Surprised at this intimation, I desired him to get into the coach, and we drove round several streets; when he informed me of all that had happened.

“Good G—d! is this possible!—when
 “I dined this very day with the Duke
 “de C—l, and have not left him half an
 “hour!—Ah! the mystery is explained:
 “—it is certain that an honest man could
 “not be guilty of such dissimulation;—
 “and I will lie to-night in my old lodg-
 “ings.”

“*Pour l’amour de Dieu, ne retournez
 “pas.*”

“What have I to fear? I trust in the
 “justness and the uprightness of my in-
 “tention.”

Saying this, I returned to my hotel, where, when I had alighted, I found all my papers sent back, with this short note from the Count.

“*Vous avez des ennemis; mais n’ayez
 “pas peur;——on voit que vous êtes
 “honnête homme.*”

“You have enemies; but be not afraid:
 “—it is perceived that you are an
 “honest man.”

A FAREWEL TO PARIS.

HAD not this last proceeding given me much disgust to living under a government where neither a man's person or property are safe, let him be ever so innocent; and where, had it not been for a mere accident, I might have languished out the remainder of my days in a loathsome dungeon; I say, Eugenius, had not this consideration prevailed, the letter which I received from thee, wherein the cause of protracting your journey, your severe illness, was so strongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradise of coquets, the elysium of *petits-mâtres*, and the centre of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B—, another to Madame de Rambouillet, and set out that very evening for Calais.

THE POST-CHAISE.

I HAD no sooner got into my Post-Chaise, than I began to consider the advantages of my present journey, the plan I had proposed, and how far I had compassed it.

"They order this matter better in France."

This assertion produced my voyage. — I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authorized to make it, and was resolved to be convinced by ocular demonstration.

The reader's curiosity has, I dare say, though an Englishman, been upon the tenterhooks of impatience, all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he should be satisfied.

The subject in debate, was, the inconvenience of drinking healths whilst at meal, and toasts afterwards; and I carelessly said, upon what I thought good information, "They order this matter better in France."

"HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED,
 "AND TOASTS NEVER WERE AD-
 "OPTED."

So far I was right: so far I have compassed the design of my voyage.

But, whether this was *tant mieux*, or *tant pis*, notwithstanding my thorough knowledge, at present in the precise meaning of these two expressions in the French dialect, I shall leave the reader to determine.

CHANTILLY.

BY the time I had run over these observations and reflections, we (that is, the two horses, first, the postillion and myself, for I had no other companions) had got to this delightful retreat of the Prince of Condé.

This *château* is considered by connoisseurs in architecture to be one of the most perfect structures of the kind. The apartments are sumptuous, and can be surpassed by nothing but the furniture. The gardens are finely laid out, and very happily disposed. Upon the whole, this is

one of the most elegant and convenient spots in all France, as well from its vicinity to the capital, as from its being so agreeably intersected with water.

We did not change horses here; but my curiosity, from the accounts I had heard of this feat, induced me to stop and take a survey of it, a circumstance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris; and the gratification I received, amply repaid the small expense it occasioned me.

A M I E N S.

NOTHING very material occurred to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did any thing very important happen then," the reader will probably pronounce.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen appetite strongly prompt me to inquire after dinner, I asked my host what he could speedily provide me.

"Tout ce que vous voulez."

"Every thing you please."

A very comprehensive bill of fare.

"But what have you got in the house?"

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Have you any partridges?"

"*Non.*"

"Any woodcocks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any ducks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any pullets?"

"*Non, Monsieur, qui sont propres à manger.*"

"No, Sir, none that are fit for eating."

"Then you may as well not have them for a man who is riding post."

"Any fish?"

"*Point du tout aujourd'hui.*"

"None to-day."

"What the p—x then does every thing consist of?"

"*Des côtelettes de mouton à la Maintenon.*"

"Mutton-chops with Maintenon sauce."

"In the name of Famine, let's have them, good Mr. Boniface."

The conceit was lost upon him, for two reasons; first, he did not understand English; and secondly, if he had, without

knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived, that his meagre carcase could convey the least idea of such a name.

THE HUE AND CRY.

IT is a dangerous thing for a man, especially an Englishman, to set his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, soup-meagre, or a fricassée of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehensions of starving: but if his ideas should be engrossed with a buttock or a sir-loin of beef, alas! alas! how great would be his disappointment, from his first setting foot at Calais, till he was ready to reembark at Marseilles?

My disappointment was still greater; for, though I had reduced all my pretensions to eating a couple of mutton-chops, after having raised my imagination to whatever I could think of, still these very chops were not to be found. A scrap of mutton, of about two pounds, on which my land-

lord had built all his reputation for good eating, was vanished.

"*Que diable, où est le mouton?*"

"What the d—l is become of the mutton?"

"*Et peste f—tre où est le mouton?*"

(Untranslatable.)

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the pantry was searched,—but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY.

AT length, when I was upon the point of resuming my chaise, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next post, *Monsieur l'Hôte* had found the house-dog in possession of all our provisions, in the dust-hole: he had already gnawed one half; but as there remained a sufficient quantity for my *côtelettes de Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dressed, that the poor animal might escape the punishment with which he was so severely threatened.

A B B E V I L L E.

A HUNGRY traveller and a disappointed stomach never think the horses drive fast enough. *Dépêchez, dépêchez.*

“*Oui, Monseigneur.*” — Cric — erac — erac.

The postillions in France seem to have the exclusive privilege of cracking of whips; which they perform so very expertly, that it supplies all the use of a horn, blown by our post-boys upon their arrival at a post-house.

Cric—crac—crac.

And the horses were ready—But halt! I’ve not dined.

Thank Heaven for meeting with an excellent duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy! Now I can continue my journey as fast as you will.

Suppose I were to take a nap?

“Depend upon it, Mr. Yorick, the witnesses will pronounce you have been napping ever since you left Paris.”

Why, then, it is but continuing, if they do not snarl too loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

SURELY I have got into England without crossing the sea! How many of my country-men! What charms can this place have so peculiarly superiour to all the other sea-ports in France?

This question I put to my host, who was an Irishman—"Its vicinity to England."

Smugglers, bankrupts, and insolvents! — — The streets swarm with them.

"Do they pay well?"

"At first."

"And can you afford to give them credit afterwards?"

"No; but there are so many fresh recruits, who are fleeced by their country-men, as soon as they come over, that we can venture to trust them in a dearth of bankruptcies."

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miserable—Or more likely—

*The delinquent and felonious traveller,
Sucking the last drops of vital blood,
From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.*

Close the scene—Humanity cannot sustain it.

The post-chaise this instant.

C A L A I S.

O N C E M O R E.

WELL, Monsieur Dessein, you sold me a bargain;—but I forgive you.

“*En honneur, Monsieur, j’ai refusé deux louis de plus, le même jour.*”

Modest! for an innkeeper.

“When does the packet sail for England?”

“*Ce soir, Monsieur.*”

“Then take me a place, and let me have a couple of bottles of your best Burgundy.”

Adieu! oh France!—but, alas! alas! the Remise calls fresh to mind every circumstance that—

Heigh! ho!

I can’t explain.

Love! Love, these are thy victories!
These thy trophies!

THE SEA.

A DEAD, dead calm!

Mademoiselle Latouche very ill—the sea an excellent emetic.

“Pray, Mademoiselle, do not stand upon ceremony.”

“*Non, Monsieur, c'est ce que je ne fais jamais, dans des cas pareils.*”

“So I perceive—but—but”—Well, I had a narrow escape. So I will pay her no more compliments till we get on shore.

A fresh breeze brings us into harbour.

DOVER.

EVERY traveller who ever touched here, and afterwards thought proper to blot paper, has given such descriptive ideas of this place, that I shall refer my readers to them and Shakespear for a poetical description of it.

“Sir, you may go in a post-chaise with another gentleman, as cheap as in the stage.”

This my landlord informed me at the

King's Head.—“Why then, I have no
“kind of objection.”

CANTERBURY.

“SIR, a shilling a mile, a very bad
“road——nobody can afford to run a
“chaise for less, and we get nothing by
“it then.”

“Why this is a most arrant imposition.
“—Mr. What's-his-name has deceived me
“—and if there be any redress in law,
“I'll have it.”

“So will I,” said my fellow-traveller.
—He was a lawyer.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

WE had not travelled far from this
celebrated city, before we were attacked
by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was
disposed to contend with him; and though
he trembled in every joint, whilst he
ushered his *imaginary* courage to his aid,
he continued talking of the poltroonery
of two travellers submitting to a single
highwayman.

In answer to this, I told him the contents of my purse were but very trifling; and that, if I could reach London, it would accomplish the full design of my present finances; that I should therefore take two guineas out of my purse, not for the robber, but for myself. "A man, continued "I, who risks his life, his future peace "of mind, and perhaps, the existence of "a wife and family, upon such a business, "though illegal, deserves at least the compassion of those who can spare a trifle." "*'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.*"

"You surprise me, Sir, to plead so strongly in favour of a highwayman.—"An Old Bailey Counsel would be ashamed to go such lengths—"

"Without a fee," I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his demand in form; and fear, enforced by the sight of a pistol, operated what pity or compassion would never have effected:—he gave up with a tremulous hand a purse which seemed to contain a considerable sum, when Charity might have preserved the far greater part, by a merciful and benevolent allowance.

"You are no Sentimental Traveller,
"Sir, I see."

"No,—(in a faltering voice) I never
"was so terrified in my life."

"More so, I imagine, than he who ven-
"tured against so many chances, the Law,
"our Contention, our Poverty.—"

He sighed.

I pitied and despised him, and we con-
versed no more till we reached the me-
tropolis.

L O N D O N.

OH! my dear Eugenius, I fly to your
arms! — let me embrace the dearest of
friends!

How happy am I to find you recover-
ed! — Fortune hath repaid me too
abundantly!

M A N.

WHAT a strange machine is man,
framed with such nice mechanism by Na-
ture's hand, that every element impedes
his perfect motion! Now the vibration of

the heart is too much propelled by heat
—now cold shivers every fibre. Where's
the just medium? Tell me, philosopher,
and I will own thy knowledge.

My spirits fail—my head swims.

To rest—to rest.

I cannot sleep——a book may per-
haps amuse. Can it divert at this sad
hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Hervey's Meditations,
I fell into a slumber, and by degrees a
dream so strongly operated, that I thought
I was no longer in a state of nature, but
a kind of auditor to a dialogue that took
place between my Soul and Body; which,
as it made a very strong impression on me,
I can repeat pretty correctly.

A VISION.

*A DIALOGUE between my SOUL
and my BODY.*

BODY.

NO!—never—never—will I submit
to the caprices of thee, Soul! What,

yield to thee that sovereignty which I have preserved over thee for such a succession of years? After thou hast so implicitly obeyed my laws, shall I submit to thine, which forbid me the use of all that gives me pleasure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmost abhorrence? This shall never be; thou shalt never have the satisfaction to find, that, at the end of my career, I adopt thy visions for rules of conduct. How!—acknowledge, tamely acknowledge my slave to be my master, and yield to thy laws, who, from thine infancy gavest up all pretensions to the enforcing of them! Ungrateful wretch! after thou hast partaken with me of the sweetest pleasures, thou wouldst at present testify thy acknowledgment, by depriving me of the enjoyments of life, in order to relieve thee from thy panics and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou owest me, to undertake the destruction of that dwelling, in which thou hast been lodged so many years, and to acquit thy rent with tears, sighs, solitude, mortification, contempt, and, in a word, chastise me in every sensible part? No—I will oppose

thee with all my strength; and I will pursue, as usual, the gratification of my senses, in despite of thee and all thy misanthropy. But—ah! my Soul appears—and I must listen, even against my will.

S O U L.

Thou wretched mass! bag of earth! pasture of worms! itinerant sink! horrid carcase! the abode of serpents and the retreat of toads! darest thou to oppose the laws which I dictate to thee, for the short time which we shall now remain together, after having, by a fatal complaisance, allowed thee for such a length of time, all that thy infamous desires could crave? Art thou most ungrateful, or most criminal? Thou now refusest me a few tears, after having afforded thee, for such a series of years, innumerable delights. But, alas! vain and imaginary is all terrestrial felicity! Canst thou deny a few sighs, after so much joy; a useful solitude, after such a long and scandalous commerce with the world; some mortifications, after myriads of such vain delights; some little con-

tempt, after so much pride; in a word, a state of repentance, so short as will be our union, for so many years of idle or vicious gratification, and of which I must one day give an account to the Sovereign Judge?

Thou contemptible rebel! thou blind vessel of clay and dirt! thou, by thy disobedience, art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my past inconsiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open: I perceive the absolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exercise it. Wherefore, no longer oppose my mandates; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world but affliction. I command thee to submit with patience, as thou canst not, from thy nature, do it with pleasure, to the keenest anguish of this life. By thy present tears, I will endeavour to purge away the foul stains of thy past actions—Thy present humility may obliterate the remembrance of thy former vanity.—Have not thy works tended to the corruption of the age? to the depravity of the morals of the rising generation? — — What recompense canst

thou offer?—Not thy religious discourses: they are but a small counterpoise, and read but by few.

A W A K E.

HERE a noise in the street awoke me, and I was glad to find this was only a vision: it however operated so strongly upon my mind, that, added to my present weakness, I was scarce able to support the remembrance of it.

I saw, but too clearly saw, the justness of the reasoning of my Soul, even in sleep. What a wretch am I! How have I misapplied those talents that Nature destined for superiour uses!—Vile dauber of paper!

Oh my brain!—Eugenius! my brain!

The grim Tyrant now in earnest seizes me so violently by the throat, that my friend Eugenius can scarce hear me cry across the table!

T H E C A T A S T R O P H E.

HE's gone! for ever gone!*

Poor Yorick! he was a fellow of infi-

nite jest! of most excellent fancy! Where be your gibes now?—Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?—not one now—quite chop-fallen?

Alas! Alas! Alas! poor Yorick.

This, with the spontaneous flood of friendship, your Eugenius signs.

* *Mr. Sterne died in March 1768, soon after the publication of the first two volumes of his Sentimental Journey.*

End of the Sentimental Journey.

with itself of most excellent quality! Where
be your guests now? -- Your friends -- of
merriment, that were wont to sit the table
on a row? -- not one now -- this chop-

fallen?

Alas! Alas! poor Fanny!

There, with the illustrious Lord of

friendship, your Fanny's friend

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

after the p

APPENDIX

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING
several Pieces written by the Author

OF THE
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor has thought it both convenient and agreeable to the Reader to add here some pieces, which flowing from the same pen of the same Author, might afford some entertainment to the Public. The first part of MARIA, which the Editor has promised (vol. II. page 205.) to reprint at the end of *The Sentimental Journey*, the Story of LE FEVER, and YORICK's Death, are truly pathetic.

M A R I A.

—**T**HEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the foreglass to hear them more distinctly— — 'Tis Maria; said the postillion, observing I was listening— — Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) it sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulins — —

— — And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; said the postillion — — it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Ma-

ria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes—yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair,

all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side——she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her——

—God help her! poor damsel! above an hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said, in the several parish churches and convents around, for her——but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again; and so on, alternately——

— — Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is, that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria! — adieu, poor hapless damsel! — — some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips — — but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

The STORY of LE FEVER.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, — which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had

privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe — When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard; — — The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman, — I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast, — — *I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.* — —

— — If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, — added the landlord, — I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. — — I hope in God he will still mend, continued he — we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby;

and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

— —I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again.— —Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.— A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and la-

ment for him night and day ; — he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account ; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

— Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. —

Trim! — said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs — Trim came in front of his master and made his bow ; — my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. — Corporal! said my uncle Toby — the corporal made his bow. — My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. — — Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once

been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicolas; — and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. — I wish I had not known so much of this affair, — added my uncle Toby, — or that I had known more of it: — How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal; — I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. — I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and

then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a fraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fever and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is; said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing fraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your

"honour is good:"—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of:—But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

— — —I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle

Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal— —I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would

Step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never say your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-

morrow; detached here;—countermanded
 there;—resting this night out upon his
 arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—
 benumbed in his joints;—perhaps with-
 out straw in his tent to kneel on;—he
 must say his prayers how and when he
 can.—I believe, said I,—for I was
 piqued, quoth the corporal, for the repu-
 tation of the army,—I believe, an't
 please your reverence, said I, that when
 a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays
 as heartily as a parson—though not with
 all his fufs and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st
 not have said that, Trim, said my uncle
 Toby,—for God only knows who is a
 hypocrite, and who is not:—At the
 great and general review of us all, cor-
 poral, at the day of judgment, (and not
 till then)—it will be seen who has done
 their duties in this world,—and who has
 not; and we shall be advanced, Trim,
 accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim
 —It is in the Scripture, said my uncle
 Toby; and I will shew it thee to-mor-
 row:—In the mean time we may de-
 pend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,
 said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty

is so good and just a governour of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.— —I hope not, said the corporal.— —But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,— —he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:— —The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,— —and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.— —Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along

with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him——but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;——possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took

the ring in his hand, and kissed it too;—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; — — shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon:—'Tis finish'd already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young Le Fever rose from off the bed, and saw me to bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders— — But alas! said the corporal, — — the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

—It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, — — though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves — — That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner — — that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterescarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, — he left Dendermond to itself, — to be relieved or not by the French King, as the French King thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

— — That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fever,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,

—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling—he might march:—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.
—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to

heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in— —and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

— — My uncle Toby went to his bureau, —put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, — he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids, —and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, —when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, —how he had rested in the night, —what was his complaint, —where was his pain, —and what he could do to

help him:— and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, to my house,— and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,— and the corporal shall be your nurse;— and I'll be your servant, Le Fever.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, — not the effect of familiarity, — but the cause of it, — which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.— —The blood and spirits of Le Fe-

ver, which were waxing cold and flow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, — rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment, — he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, — then cast a look upon his boy, — — and that ligament, fine as it was, — was never broken — —

Nature instantly ebb'd again, — — the film returned to its place, — — the pulse fluttered — — stopp'd — — went on — — throb'd — — stopp'd again — — moved — stopp'd — — shall I go on? — — No.

— All that is necessary to be added is as follows: —

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fever in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners to his grave. —

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fever, and betwixt Le Fever and all mankind, — there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle Toby found little or no opposition, from the world, in taking administra-

tion. The coat my uncle gave the corporal:—Wear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor lieutenant — and this, — said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke — and this, Le Fever, I'll save for thee; 'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle Toby, hanging it upon a crook, and pointing to it, — 'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fever, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world, — and thou doest it like a man of honour, — 'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he sent him to a public school, where, excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which times the corporal was punctually dispatched for him, — he remained to the spring of the year, seventeen; when the story of the emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself

upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.—Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fever! I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me—and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;—and having detained Le Fever a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn—he put the sword in his hand;—If thou art brave, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee,—but fortune, said he, musing a little, —fortune may—and if she does, added my uncle Toby, come back again, to me, Le Fever, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fever more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness;—he

parted from my uncle Toby, as the best of sons from the best of fathers — both dropped tears — — and as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, — and bid God bless him.

Le Fever got up to the imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles, from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword; — and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

YORICK'S DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius slept in with an intent

to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, — — and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke, —I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, — and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, — — my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them;— — who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart and gently shook his head. For my

part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, — I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, — and that I may live to see it. — I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night cap as well as he could with his left hand, — — his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius, — — I beseech thee to take a view of my head. — I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which have been so unhandfomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pança, that should I recover, and “mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.” — — Yorick’s last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this; — yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone; — — and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of

lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespear said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand,—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy—

Alas, poor YORICK! .

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity